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HISTORY
OF CLAY COUNTY
AND NORTHWEST TEXAS

J. P. EARLE

Facsimile Edition

The Brick Row Book Shop
Austin, Texas
1963

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HISTORY
OF CLAY COUNTY
AND NORTHWEST TEXAS

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Introduction to Facsimile Edition

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County histories, especially those written by contemporaries during the formative years of Texas, are among the most sought-after items by collectors of Texana. Earle's HISTORY OF CLAY COUNTY ranks among the rarer of these local histories and is now practically unobtainable. Written around 1900 and printed on a poor-grade paper by a local newspaper, it never obtained wide circulation and has almost disappeared. There is one slightly damaged copy in the State Archives and at least one copy in the University of Texas library.

The author, J. P. Earle, was born in Fencastle, Tennessee, in 1846. He enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1862 as a Private in Company K, 6th Georgia Infantry, and took part in several important battles and skirmishes. Like many other Confederate veterans, Earl came to Texas after the war and obtained a job as a surveyor for the Clay Land District. Clay County, of which Henrietta is now the county seat, was the focal point in those days for all land surveys from the western Texas frontier to the New Mexico line. Many of the records and surveys made by Earle are still on file in the county courthouse.

Clay County was first organized in 1861 from Cooke County, but because of inadequate protection from Indian depredations during the Civil War period had to be abandoned. The county was reorganized in 1873 with Cambridge as the county seat, and Earle was named County Surveyor. When it was decided not to build the railroad through Cambridge, the population moved to Henrietta and it was named county seat in 1882.

Earle served as County Surveyor for many years and stayed in that profession all his life. A. V. Slagle, co-owner of the Henrietta Abstract Company and past-President of the Clay County Historical Association, knew Earle well. According to Slagle, Earle was a "dandy" old fellow and well-liked by everybody. He lived in the north-east part of Henrietta in an old house that he had built of native stone which still stands as a landmark.

"Earle was a real old-time pioneer," Slagle reminisced, "and liked to take a little nip as often as possible with the boys. However, as far as I know, he was never absorbed to the zero point. He knew this county and the folks round and about better than anybody else, I guess."

Earle died in Henrietta on October 12, 1911. He had married Nancy S. Fix, who also died in Henrietta on January 26, 1912. Both are buried in Hope Cemetery in that City.

We wish to express our thanks to the staff of the State Archives headed by James S. Day, and to Miss Llerena Friend of the University of Texas, who helped in the almost fruitless search of information on Earle. Our special appreciation goes to A. V. Slagle for the brief bits of personal insight to the author.

Morris G. Cook

Austin, Texas

January 15, 1963

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PREFACE.

In presenting this little book to the public, we will not attempt to narrate everything that transpired during our early days in Texas, (to do so would fill a large volume) but only such as would most likely interest our readers, more especially those who are more or less familiar with some of the incidents of which we write. Had we known when we commenced writing that our pieces would have gone to the public in book form, we would have given them in the order in which they happened. But not having our manuscript complete at the time of giving it to the press, we have placed some of the pieces in the back part of the book that should have been in the front part, and vice versa. It was also our intention to give our readers a book of more than two hundred pages with illustrations, but circumstances over which we had no control intervening, we will only print some five hundred copies with about seventy pages each. Hoping later on to be able to give all our pieces to the public, we remain, as ever,

J. P. EARLE.

Henrietta, Texas, Nov 15th, 1900.



J. P. EARLE.



MRS. J. P. EARLE.

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A HISTORY OF CLAY COUNTY and Northwest Texas.

CHAPTER I.

WILSON GILBERT THE OLD FRONTIERSMAN.

It was in the year '49 that Wilson Gilbert, an old Indian fighter, who had spent his early life on the frontier of Texas trafficking with the Indians, left Cook county, Texas, for the gold fields of California. In his route lay Victory Peak in Montague county; Buffalo Springs in Clay county; the Round Timbers in Baylor county, and the Narrows in Knox county. So called the narrows from the fact that you can stand at one point and cast a stone into the Big Wichita and Brazos rivers from the same place. Near which place Mr. Gilbert found a rich deposit of gold, but having his head set for the gold fields of California, said nothing to his companions about his find, but journeyed on westward across the plains of Texas and New Mexico, to the snow capped peaks of the Rocky Mountains, and soon planted the banner of Texas on the shores of the Pacific at the Golden Gate of the New Eldorado.

After remaining several years in this New Eldorado, he returned about the commencement of the late war to his home and friends in Texas. On account of the war and other reasons better known to himself, never attempted to look after his gold

fields in Texas, until the fall of '72. At which time he and Frank Wheeler visited the place but after being absent some twenty days, returned to the haunts of civilization, but what they found no one but themselves knows. For they refused to tell any thing about their find.

In the spring of '73, Mr. Gilbert made preparations to return on a prospecting tour to his Western mines, and a company of sixteen well armed men, headed by J. C. Bryant and Sheriff W. T. Wayborne of Montague county, was formed to accompany him on his journey, for the country at that time was infested with wild, roving bands of Kiawa, Comanche and Apache Indians. They carried a wagon and team well loaded with baggage, provisions and ammunitions. They were well mounted, and armed with Winchester repeating rifles, and six shooting pistols, and led by the intrepid Gilbert. Passing through the counties of Clay, Archer, Baylor and Knox, the same route that Mr. Gilbert traveled in '49, when he was on his journey to the gold fields of California and also the same route that he and Frank Wheeler traveled in going and coming in the fall of '72.

As Mr. Gilbert was getting very old and somewhat hard of hearing, and Sheriff Wayborne being an old frontiersman, took charge of the company after being out several days, and led the outfit. This not setting very well with Mr. Gilbert, he being old and childish, he refused to show or divulge any of his previous discoveries found on his way to California.

The outfit returned after an absence of sixteen days, probably wiser than when they started. They held a clandestine meeting on the prairie before they returned and pledged themselves not divulge any of their discovery.

In the fall of the same year, '73, Mr. Gilbert, as old as he was, packed his horse with blankets, provisions, gun and plenty of ammunition, mounting his horse, bidding his old friends goodbye, turning his horse's head towards the setting sun, soon vanished from view.

Twenty-three summers have come and gone; but the old man has never returned, nor seen alive; his bones are bleaching somewhere on the Western plains, and not a stone to mark the spot, to tell where and how he died. He has never been seen from that day to this, and very likely never will.

On one occasion while Mr. Gilbert was out on the frontier by himself, he chanced to meet some fifteen or twenty young Indian bucks out on the war-path. Realizing the situation, Mr. Gilbert determined to sell out to them as dearly as possible. As the Indians would attempt to climb into the front end of his wagon, Mr. Gilbert would shove them back with the muzzle of his gun, and gave them to understand that he was some wano himself, and thereby saved his own life, by being heap brave. No doubt that the old man was killed by the Indians and that he died fighting.

CHAPTER II.

COL. HENRY WHALEY'S EARLEY SETTLEMENT.

In the year '69, Henry Whaley emigrated from Cook county, Texas, settled and opened up a large grain and stock farm, in what is now known as the Whaley bend on Red river below the mouth of the Big Wichita river.

A short time previous Mabel Gilbert, a brother of Wilson Gilbert, had emigrated with his family, and settled on what is now known as the Gilbert ranch on Red river at the mouth of Gilbert creek in Wichita county.

In the latter part of the year '69, or the early part of the year 70, Mr. Gilbert sickened and died, and left his family surrounded on every side, by the desperate and war-like tribes of Kiawa, Comanche and Apache Indians, who at that time roamed at will from the Wichita mountains in the Indian Territory, across the plains of Texas to the Rio Grande, and depredated more or less, and drove out large herds of horses from the more

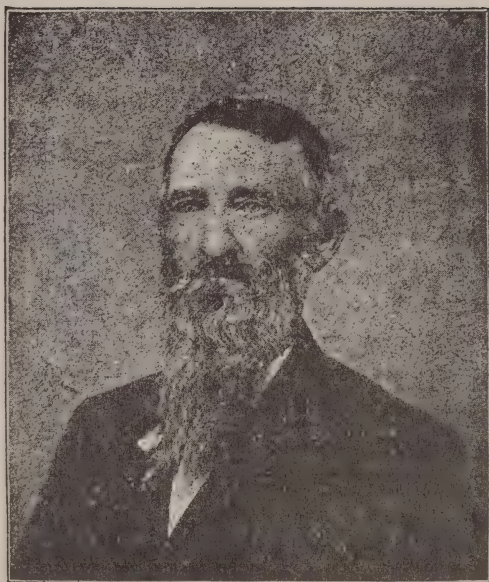
thickly settled counties of Montague, Cook, Denton, Wise, Jack and Parker.

There were a few stock ranches in the unorganized counties of Clay, Wichita, Archer and Young. Most every night of the moon the Indians would make raids, kill and scalp a few settlers and drive off a quantity of stock.

Mrs. Gilbert, after the death of her husband, having no one to protect her and the little ones from those roving bands of Indians, made arrangements with Col. Whaley, who lived some twenty-five miles east, to take charge of her ranch and she and her children would return to the civilization in Cook county some seventy-five or eighty miles distant.

Col. Whaley in those days worked from ten to fifteen hired men on his place. He sowed the Gilbert place down in small grain, and would go back and forth and look after his growing crops. After cutting and shocking the grain on both places, he and six of his hands went up to the Gilbert place to haul and stack the grain, but when he came in sight of the ranch he discovered some one hundred and fifty to two hundred Indians destroying his shocks of grain and burning his reapers and binders standing in the corral. Col. Whaley was riding a good horse but the most of the men were riding work mules, and to make a bad run was worse than to make a bad stand.

As soon as the Indians discovered Col. Whaley and his men the ball opened. Col. Whaley and his men fought and fell back slowly to the Gilbert Grove a few scattering trees on the high prairie overlooking the Big Wichita Valley. At this grove Col. Whaley killed two Indians, but lost one man killed by the name of Brock. They fought in this little grove about three hours, or until dark set in, and while the Indians were looking after their dead and wounded, Col. Whaley and party drew off and swam Red river that night near the mouth of the Big Wichita, and made their way to a soldiers' camp, a few miles distant on Whiskey creek in the Indian Territory.



Col. H. A. Whaley came from Strawberry Plains in upper East Tennessee to Texas in 1856, and to Clay county in 1869. He fought the Indians of Northwest Texas more or less for about twenty years, and died at his home in the Whaley Bend on Red river in 1898.

This band of Indians was led by Chief Kicking-Bird and the notorious White-Horse whose name will be mentioned further on.

A few days thereafter Col. Whaley visited the government post at Fort Sill, and met some of the same Indians that he fought at the Gilbert Grove a few days before. They recognized each other and the Indians would exclaim in broken English, "white chief heap brave."

During the same year and a few weeks after the fight at Gilbert Grove, Col. Whaley's hired men were in the field on his home place, hauling and stacking grain when a band of Indians made a dash on the ranch house and corral and killed one of his men who was feeding and attending to the work stock, but Col. Whaley happened to be at the cabin a short distance from the corral, where he always kept on hand a good supply of Winchester rifles and plenty of ammunition. He sprang out at the door of the cabin with Winchester in hand and prevented the Indians from scalping the dead man, and from taking any of the mules.

The men in the field hearing the racket took their teams out, helped Col. Whaley drive the Indians away and prevent them from getting the mules.

John Whaley, a lad of some eight or ten years of age, was in the field with the hired men and in the excitement was left at the wagon on which was a load of unthreshed grain. After the excitement was over, they returned to the field to find the boy upon the hind hounds of the wagon beneath the load of grain.

The Indians attacked the Whaley ranch several different times, and drove off and killed a great deal of Mr. Whaley's stock. They would drive off his horses and mules, and his cattle running on the prairies just to hear them bellow.

The government at Washington has paid him several thousand dollars for stock killed and stolen by the Indians and he

has other depredating claims that have been pending since the early seventies, nearly a quarter of a century ago.

He used to thresh in the early seventies from ten to fifteen thousand bushels of oats, and sell them to the government troops stationed at Fort Sill and Fort Griffin, at from seventy five to one dollar and twenty five cents per bushel.

A troop of cavalry would pass back and forth between Forts Sill, Richardson and Griffin nearly every week and sometimes stay several days with him to feed and rest their horses. He has fought the Indians more or less for more than 40 years, and has experienced a great deal of frontier life. He was a volunteer in the Mexican war, and later on served through the Rebellion. He is now living at the old homestead in the Whaley bend on Red River, but is getting along in years, and before many moons he can cut the four score year notch on the stock of his trusty Winchester. He is tall and stands erect; one would not take him to be over 60 years of age, and I have no doubt that, if he could call back a dozen or so of years, he would join the insurgent Cubans and show Capt. Gen'l Weyler of the Spanish army, how he used to fight the noble red man of the West and make him bite the dust.

It would be doing an injustice to this narrative if I did not mention the name of one other who figured conspicuously in the early settlement of Clay county, one who bore with fortitude the vicissitudes of a frontier life, and whose daring deeds equal those of Col. Whaley. That one is Mrs. Lena Kilmartin, Col. Whaley's house keeper for more than a quarter of a century. She was the only woman living in the county up to the year '73, and is an expert with the Winchester rifle, and has more than once seen the Indian arrows fly around her thick and fast and heard the Comanchie yell as it died away on the still night air. She and Mrs. Capt. Wm. B. Smith (nee Miss Mollie Preston) are

the only two women now living in the county who were here at the organization of the county in August, 1873.

CHAPTER III.

SATANTA AND BIG-TREE CAPTURE AND BURN A GOVERNMENT WAGON TRAIN.

During the years '70, '71 and '72, the Indians were very troublesome in Northwest Texas, and while a government supply train was on its way from Fort Richardson or Jacksboro, the capital of Jack county, to the post at Fort Griffin in Shackelford county. Satanta and Big-Tree, two Indian chiefs and their bands from the Wichita Mountains, captured and carried off all the stock and such other things that they could carry, burned the wagon, together with some of the teamsters, that they hadn't already killed, tied to the wheels of the the wagons.

Gen. Phil Sheridan of the United States army being on a inspection tour of the state, he and his escort had just passed the place a short time before the attack was made.

As soon as Satanta and Big-Tree returned to the reservation near the post at Fort Sill, the agent at the post sent out and got the stock and had Satanta and Big-Tree arrested and turned them over to the civil authorities for trial.

Satanta was sent to the penitentiary for ninety-nine years, or during his natural life, but Governor Coke after a few years, through the influence of some of the officers at Fort Sill, pardoned him out, and told him to return to his people and sin no more and that if he was ever caught back in Texas on the war path again, that he would put him back in the penitentiary.

He had not been back with his people in the Wichita Mountains many moons, before he and some of his braves lit out for Texas on the war path again.

He was re-arrested and taken back to the Texas penitentiary; he worked at his first trade (basket making) until his death, which was in a few years. He died partly from old age, and partly from grief caused from being separated from his people.

Thus, one by one, the noble red man of the prairies passeth away.

Chief Big-Tree, Satanta's lieutenant and right hand bower, was kept in the guard house at Fort Sill for some time and then sent to the Dry Tortugas, off the coast of Florida. He was permitted to take along with him his squaws and papposes. They laid aside their Indian garb and donned the dress of the pale face. The children were put in school and the women put to housekeeping. Chief Big-Tree had his hair shingled, donned a soldier's uniform and was put to doing guard duty. They remained in Florida three years.

The writer was at the post when they returned from the land of flowers, and the agent, Col. Hunt, sent them to their people in the Wichita Mountains; but they remained only a couple of days, and returned to the post and asked Col. Hunt for quarters to live in, saying they could not live with their people in the mountains; they preferred living in a house and cooking on a stove. Col. Hunt assigned them quarters near the commissary, and they moved in and went to housekeeping.

Big-Tree's daughters had been with the white people so much while in Florida, and they had learned to speak English so well that they became attached to the whites, and preferred living with some of the officers' wives and help take care of the children.

CHAPTER IV.

JESSE BROWN AND THE GEORGIA ARMY.

In the year '71 there was an outfit banded together in Montague county and known by the name of the "Georgia Army."

Several men were taken from their families at the dead hours of night and swung from a limb of a tree. W. T. Wayborne was sheriff at that time. He arrested some of the ringleaders and put a stop to their depredations,

They were tried at the September term of the district court in '72 at Montague by Judge Binkley of Sherman and acquitted.

There was another outfit broke out in the northern part of Montague county in '74 known by the name of the Jesse Brown gang. Several men and one woman lost their lives through this gang.

The outfit operated differently to what the Georgia army did. The Georgia army, as it was called, would scour the country in a body, and take men from their families and hang them to the limb of a tree; while the Jesse Brown gang would lie in wait and shoot you from the brush.

They killed two brothers and while the neighbors and a third brother were keeping watch over the corpses at the dead hours of night, the Jesse Brown gang sprang into the house where the corpses lay and took the one-legged brother out into the yard and killed him. Jesse Brown, his father and two brothers were arrested and after taking a change of venue to Denton county, were tried at the district court of that county. Two of the boys were convicted of murder in the first degree and paid the penalty on the gallows, the third was sentenced to the penitentiary for life and the old man Brown was set at liberty.

Thus ended one of the most daring deeds that was ever recorded in the history of Northwest Texas. The Browns may have

been, and very likely were, related to old John Brown of Harper's Ferry notoriety.

CHAPTER V.

CHIEF JUSTICE GRIGSBY OF MONTAGUE COUNTY.

In the spring of '73 and while Clay county was attached to Montague county for judicial, surveying and other purposes the chief justice of Montague county, J. M. Grigsby, visited the different cow ranches on the Big and Little Wichita rivers to ascertain if possible how many cattle they had grazing on a thousand hills; or, in other words, to assess them for taxation.

While at the Waggoner ranch on the Big Wichita river a few miles below where the city of Wichita Falls now stands, two of the cowboys got into a dispute, over some trivial matter, and one shot and killed the other. He gave himself up and the chief justice appointed him a sheriff from among the cowboys, there being several present, to take charge of the prisoner and convey him to the Montague jail.

Col. Boothe, a lawyer and stockman of Decatur, being present, the prisoner gave him his horse, bridle and saddle to defend him. Col. Boothe sued out a writ of habeas corpus and demanded an immediate and speedy trial. The chief justice had the sheriff to open court so that he might hear Col. Boothe read his habeas corpus and hear what he had to say for his client. After reading his plea to the court, he took an off-hand shot at Greenleaf on Self Defence. When Col. Boothe was through with his argument and had taken a seat on the grass, the court took recess for a few minutes to deliberate over the colonel's eloquence after which the court resumed and the chief justice decided that under the circumstances, the prisoner was entitled to a fair and speedy trial, whereupon the testimony on both sides was introduced, the court representing the state and Col.

Boothe his client. All the testimony being introduced Col Boothe argued the case for his client. The court, after weighing the testimony and credibility of the witnesses on both sides of the case decided to discharge the prisoner and set him at liberty again. And the first court that we have any knowledge of ever being held in Clay county adjourned sine die.

Judge Grigsby is still living (Jan. 1897) in the town of Montague and is getting along in years. He delights in telling his grandchildren stories of a frontier life and how he spent the most of his days in North Texas fighting the wild Comanche Indians and wrestling with cyclones.

CHAPTER VI.

OUR INTRODUCTION TO CLAY COUNTY.

The writer, with others, came to Clay county in the winter of '72 to straighten out some surveys for John and Doc Eldridge. We camped one night at the crossing on East Fork near the old Sparks ranch. While some were cooking supper others went up and down the bed of the creek shootitg at turkeys, for they were as plentiful as Jay birds in acorn time. Also at that time the East Fork and Little Wichita bottoms were full of Kansas horse thieves. Shortly after that time I was going from the south to the north side of the Little Wichita along a cow trail, and I could hear the brush cracking and horses neighing. I hadn't lost any horses but I knew some who had.

The bed of the creek was dry and we hadn't had any rain in so long a time that we had forgot when. About an hour after dark there came up a wind cloud with some rain and we all came into camp, but one man by the name Cheek, who had drifted south with the wind so far that he could not hear the report of our guns. We kept up a big fire all night and shot a hundred or so of cartridges away trying to bring him into camp. The

next morning the sun rose clear and fair. Some of the boys remembered reading that the last dispatch sent out from the Alamo stated that as long as they were able to defend the post, that they would fire a cannon just at sun rise every morning and that Gen. Sam Houston on the last morning but one placed his ear to the ground and heard the cannon just at sun rise; on the next morning after the massacre he did the same, but could hear no sound. Not so with Brother Cheek; he had waited for the sun to rise, and then he struck a bee line for Montague, which brought him a little nearer to camp, and he heard the report of the sun rise gun and came into camp.

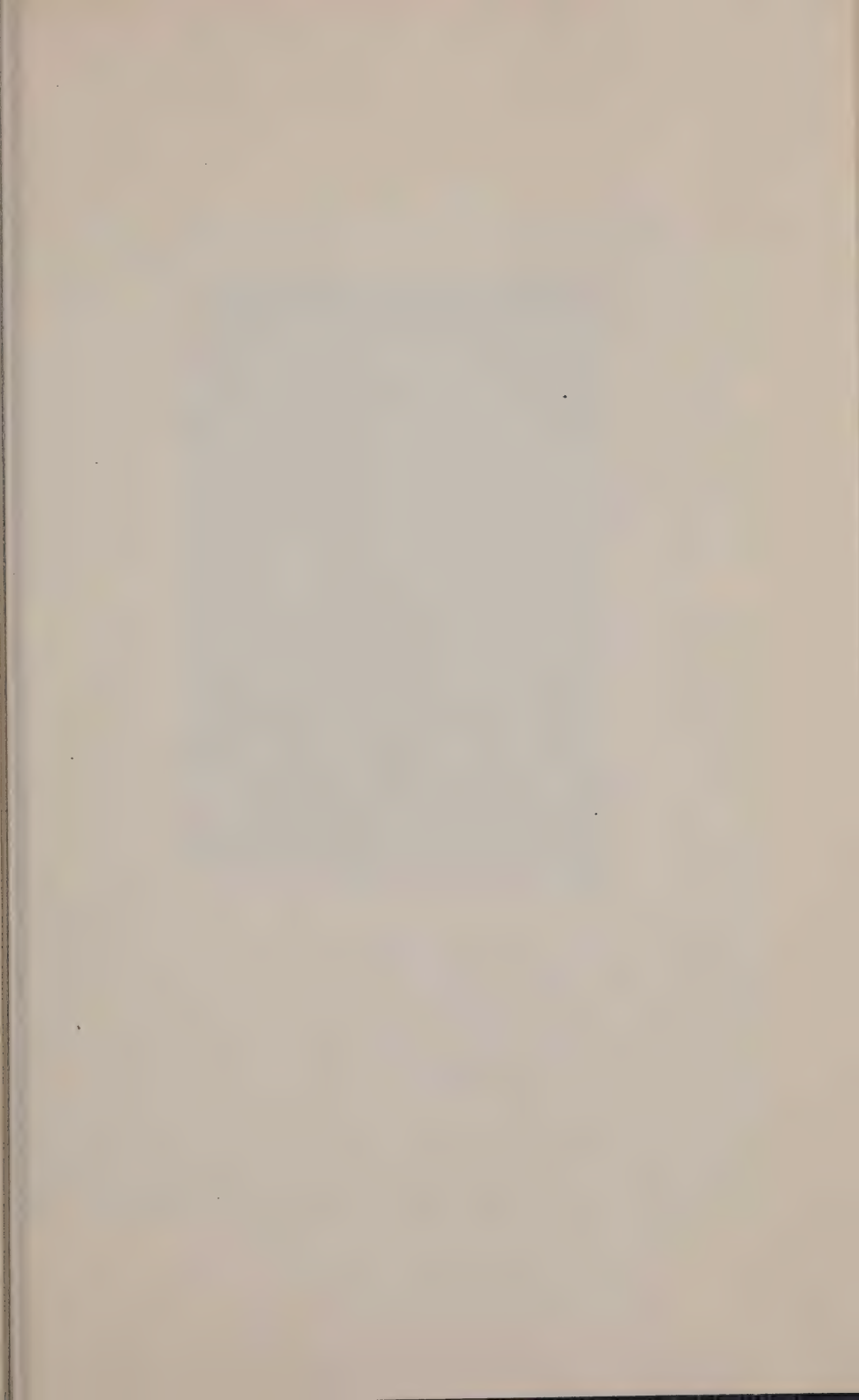
CHAPTER VII.

WEGEFORTH COUNTY.

In the spring of '73 the writer and several others returned to Clay county and pitched our tent on Dry Fork not a great distance above where the Fort Worth and Denver railroad crosses the creek.

I brought with me the old Clay county land records tied up in a gunny sack and thrown across my saddle.

The 12th legislature of the state of Texas, had previously passed an act creating a new county in the panhandle of Texas 60 miles square and named it Wegeforth county in honor of a German by that name, who in the spring of '73 with a company of emigrants, all men, undertook to carry out Horace Greely's motto of "go west young man and grow up with the country," colonize and settle it. There were about 75 of them passed through here in the latter part of March and camped one night on the Little Wichita northwest of Henrietta; though at that time, there was not a house in the place, only a few old stone chimneys standing, apparently, as sentinels to mark the spot where but a few years before Chief White-Horse and his band sacked and burnt the





Jimmie Roberts was born and raised in Mississippi. Came to Texas in 1869 and to Clay County in 1873. After remaining in Northwest Texas about twenty years he moved with his family to Juneau, Alaska. Remaining there a few years, he returned with his family to the plains of Texas, where he now lives on his large stock ranch.

then little village of not more than a half dozen houses, killed, drove off and captured some of its inhabitants, and carried them into the Wichita Mountains, of which a more detailed account (of White-Horse and his band) will be given in another chapter.

They camped the second night on the head of Turkey creek. They were from the eastern states and knew nothing of a frontier life; but very few of them knew how to hobble or stake a horse out to graze. At this camp on Turkey creek they drove their horses out to graze and made a detail of two or three men and put them out on foot to watch them. About sunset the cayotes began to howl and the horses all stampeded and left the outfit nearly all afoot. It took them several days to round in their horses.

While they were gathering in their horses, the writer and four others and two of the colony who had seen a little frontier life crossed to the west side and struck up the Big Wichita river on a buffalo hunt. We carried with us a wagon and team to haul our camping equipage. After camping for the night and eating supper and larriating and hobbling our horses out on the grass, about 8 o'clock, we were all sitting around a big camp fire spinning yarns when our horses took a scare and those that were hobbled came running into camp and corralled themselves around the wagon. Everyone except myself went for his gun which was lying under the wagon. I turned around and left the fire in the opposite direction to the wagon expecting every minute to hear the ring of the Comanche rifle on the still night air. After some little time and everything seemed to be quiet I passed back by the fire and picked up a bucket of water standing near by and put out the light, knowing that an Indian would never make an attack in the dark. The next morning everything seemed to be quiet on the Potomac, and after eating an early breakfast, we crossed to the south side of the Big Wichita, where the city of Wichita Falls now stands, passed up Holliday into

Archer county. We then turned south on to the waters of the Little Wichita. It was a pretty cold day. Curley and myself were walking leading our horses and making for a small bunch of timber a little to the right by our course some half a mile distant. The boys on the divide saw in the grove to which we were going, some half a dozen Indians or more, but as we were walking and leading our horses we had never seen them. About this time the boys on the divide jumped a large buffalo and the report from their guns attracted our attention and we mounted our horses, and got there in time to take a hand in killing the buffalo. After killing the buffalo and learning that Curley and myself had made such a narrow escape from the Indians, we began to think that Providence had intervened and had something to do with it. After skinning and taking out the rounds of the buffalo and emptying the brandy keg, we turned east. Curley and myself being well armed and riding good horses, were to remain about a half mile behind and act as rear guard while the rest of the boys were to go ahead and guard the wagon. We hadn't gone but a few miles before we heard firing in front. After loping up we learned from the boys that they had actually counted fifteen Indians under the hill in front of them. We soon divided and advanced two to the right, two to the left and two to guard the wagon and bring up the center. As Curley and myself rode around a mound, just beyond and in the valley below stood fifteen as pretty wild horses as I ever saw. We made a dash at the bunch but had no idea of catching any of them. After the flurry was over we learned that those with the wagon had shot at an antelope, and that the horses grazing under the hill threw up their heads, ran around under the hill, showing only their heads and the boys mistook them for Indians.

Not knowing the name of the colony boys that were with us, I called one Curley owing to the long black curley hair that he wore. They might have been Frank and Jesse James or Bob and Cole

Younger. I never asked what their names were before coming to Texas, but supposed that they were like myself, following Horace Greeley's advice, coming west to grow up with the country.

By the time we got back from our hunt, the outfit had found most all its horses, and was ready to move on to their home in the panhandle. Having struck the plains about the 1st of April, a regular Kansas snow storm set in and they being short of rations and with no forage for their horses, except what nature had provided for the buffalo, struck southeast and stopped a short time in Archer county. Chief Wegeforth finally sold the guns and ammunition furnished him by the state and disbanded the outfit and Wegeforth colony was no more.

The first legislature that met thereafter gave Wegeforth a black eye, by declaring the act creating Wegeforth county to be null and void.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ORGANIZATION OF CLAY COUNTY.

The 12th legislature passed an act authorizing the re-organization of Clay county, and appointed Forster Johnson, E. Worley and Thomas H. Goode, commissioners to open registration books for that purpose. And during the spring and summer of '73 emigrants came into the county so fast that by August of the same year, having registered the required number of votes, proceeded to organize as provided for in said act.

The election for county and district officers was held in a tent covering part of the ground where B. F. Yantis' large grain and ware house now stands near his large stone flouring mill. There were but six or eight families living in the county at the time, and only 40 odd votes polled and the following district and

county officers were elected to serve until the next general election, which was on the first Tuesday in November of the same year: F. Johnson, district and county clerk; Thaddeus K. Davis, sheriff; J. P. Earle, district and county surveyor of the Clay land district; E. Worley, treasurer; J. R. Medlin, chief justice; W. T. Thorton, E. C. Nichols and Alexander Dawson, associate justices. The chief justice represented our present county judge, and the associate justices that of our present commissioners.

The first house that was built in Henrietta was built by Dr. F. Johnson in April, '73, and is still standing at the corner of Main and Commerce streets. It is a one story double log house one room of which was used for the U. S. post office and district and county clerk's office. The first sermon ever preached in Henrietta was delivered in one room of this house in October, '73, by the Rev. J. W. Cearley, a missionary Baptist, to about a dozen people. Some time during the night, or, probably while the minister was exhorting his little flock to flee from the wrath to come, a renegade from a band of Kiawa and Comanche Indians made a raid on the then little settlement, and stole every horse in and around the place. Next morning when Brother Cearley arose from his peaceful slumber and buckled on his armor, he found moccasin signs, the corral torn down, and his horse gone. He began to think of his wife and little ones, and was like the little boy, he wished that he was to home. But he chartered and took steerage passage on the first overland ox-train for the settlements in Montague county with his trusty rifle by his side and his Bible and hymn book in his hand singing "I am on my journey home, come friends, will you go." Brother Cearley has been calling sinners to repentance for more than a quarter of a century, and is living at a ripe old age near Bridgeport, Wise county, this state, and is still calling sinners to repentance and warning them to turn from their evil ways and flee from the wrath to come.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FIRST DISTRICT COURT AND SOME CONTEMPORANEOUS INCIDENTS.

The first district court that was ever held in Clay county was convened in Henrietta on the 6th day of April, 1874, and was presided over by his honor J. M. Lindsey of Gainesville, Cook county, Texas. The court was opened and held in a little log house, corner of Bridge and North streets, (the house was long since removed), which belonged to G. W. Homes, and was used for a gunsmith shop.

On the evening of the 7th it began to snow and on the morning of the 8th, the snow was about eight inches on a level. The sun rose clear and bright and by the middle of the afternoon the snow had all disappeared and the grass looked fresh and green as though there had been a warm spring rain.

At this session of the court the grand jury found several bills of indictment, one of which was against Chief White-Horse of the Fort Sill reservation, for killing old man Koozier in 1870, at which time he carried Koozier's wife and children captives into the Wichita Mountains, but after remaining with the Indians in the mountains for some time, they were brought by Chief White-Horse to the post at Fort Sill and exchanged for ponies. As soon as White-Horse learned that the sheriff of Clay county, Texas, had papers for his arrest, he made himself scarce about the post and remained in seclusion in the mountains to prevent being arrested, and to wait until the Great Spirit should call him home, where he could join the ransomed throng and strew forget-me-nots and desolated peach cans over the graves of his fallen foes.

Frank Smith, Ed Koozier and Mrs. Murphy were also indicted at this term of the court for the killing of Murphy, and Jim Barrington was indicted as an accessory. The Murphy ranch

where Murphy was killed stood on what is now known as the county poor farm about two or three hundred yards north of the gate leading to the house. He was buried some ten or twenty steps west of where the county farm house now stands. Smith left on a good horse of Murphy's, but was captured by the soldiers near Fort Sill and returned to the officers in Texas, of which a more detailed account (of the trial and conviction) will be given further on. Barrington and wife, for he (Barrington) married Mrs. Murphy, a sister of Ed Koozier, in less than a week after the death of Murphy, were arrested. They gave a straw bond and left the country and haven't been heard from since. Ed Koozier left before being arrested and has never returned. Murphy had Smith employed to stay with his family and do farm work, and he had just returned from the settlements where he had been on a horse racing and gambling tour, and things at home hadn't gone to suit him, and the whole outfit got into a racket, and they did Murphy up by shooting him in the face with a load of shot, and while he was in the house washing the blood from his face, some one stuck a Winchester through a crack in the house and shot him in the back.

At the general election in November, '73, all the first officers were re-elected except that Wm. H. Slack was elected chief justice, W. H. Newsom sheriff, and E. F. Ikard one of the associate justices. Mr. Slack, the father of John George and Richard Slack, Mrs. Laura Hill and Mrs. Mattie Benson came to Henrietta in the fall of '73, built and ran a hotel on the north side of the old public square for a number of years, and died on his farm a few years later. His aged widow is still living and will soon be four score and ten. She returned a few months ago from Iowa, where she had been visiting one of her sons living there. She now lives in Henrietta, probably the oldest person living in the county, surrounded by her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Of those who helped organize the county in August, '73, only four are now living in the county, Col. Henry Whaley, who lives at the Whaley Bend on Red river, Capt. Wm. B. Smith who has a farm in the southeast part of the county, Maj. N. (Peter) Snearly and the writer live in Henrietta. Maj. Shearly owns and runs the St Elmo hotel and is doing a good business. The writer lives in Henrietta and is as independent as a hog on ice, and is waiting for prosperity and confidence to be restored, but he doesn't want any more experience on the frontier organizing counties and building cities. In those early days the festive cow boys used to drink jim crow whiskey, get wild and wooley, paint the town a sky blue and make the nights hideous with their plaintive cayote yells. The ring of the six-shooter reminds one of the early days in the sixties, but those days have come and gone and their graves are growing green by the Wichita river, where sleep some of the boys with their six-shooter and quiver.

The state legislature authorized the organization of a ranger company of from thirty-five to forty men to be made up in Henrietta to guard the frontier against Indian raids, and in the spring of '74 a company was organized in Henrietta, known as the frontier rangers. E. F. Ikard was elected captain, and George Campbell of Montague county, first lieutenant. When they started out one would imagine that they were going to have an Indian every morning for breakfast. They patrolled the country from Red river on the north to Lost Valley in Young county, and if they ever saw an Indian I never heard of it. About the most they did was to answer to roll call and draw their rations and pay.

The Tonkawa Indians, a small but once powerful tribe, who had been fighting the Comanches for a number of years, until they had nearly become exterminated, came into the post at Fort Griffin, and asked the government for protection from the hostile

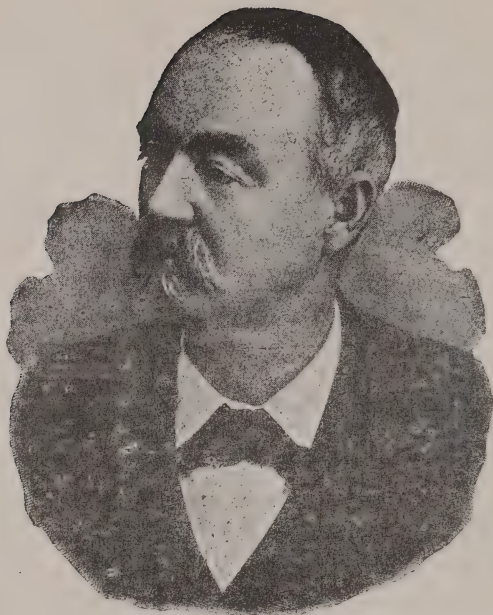
Comanches, who had been at war with them for a number of years until the Comanches had almost exterminated them and they had dwindled down to a mere corporal's guard. The government settled them near the post and employed the warriors as government scouts. They made good scouts and could trail the Comanche across the prairies on a run, when the soldiers along with them could see no sign of Indians. They numbered about fifty men, women and children all told. They passed very often with the soldiers from Forts Griffin and Richardson to Fort Sill, and back. They were a savage looking tribe, short in stature and very much like the Digger Indian of California.

The warriors numbered about twenty-five and were armed with carbines and six-shooters, though most all of them carried with them their bows and arrows. They despised the Comanche, and every time the Comanche left the reservation and came into Texas without permission from the agent, the Tonkawas were always keen to get on his trail. Forts Richardson and Griffin have long since been abandoned by the government troops, but what became of the little tribe of Tonkawas I never learned.

CHAPTER X.

THE APACHES ON THE WAR PATH.

In the early part of '73, the Kiawa and Apache Indians on the reservation at Fort Sill became very troublesome, and concluded to clean up the post. They donned the war paint, strung up their bows, mounted themselves on their ponies, and formed a line of battle on the hills near the post, and drove the soldiers inside of the barracks. Col. Hayworth, the Indian agent, ordered them back to their reservation. This only made them more hostile, and after parleying with them for some time and seeing that they were itching for a fuss, ordered his troops in line, and



Judge W. B. Plemons was born in North Carolina. He was a Confederate soldier in a North Carolina regiment, during the great war, and surrendered with Lee at Appomattox Court House, Virginia, April 9th, 1865. He came from North Carolina to Eastern Texas in 1867. He studied law and came to Clay county in 1875. He held the office of mayor of the city of Henrietta, and was elected first county judge of Clay county. He moved with his family to Amarillo and was elected to the legislature from that district. He held the office of district judge at Amarillo one or two terms and later on ran before the congressional convention of the Jumbo district for congress, but was defeated by the Hon. John H. Stephens of Vernon, by a small majority.

rolled out a little mountain howitzer, and told them that if they didn't disperse and go back to their quarters, that they would hear the elephant snort. They took him at his word and went back to their tepees, and remained quiet until the fall of '74, when the Apaches stole away and started for New Mexico and Arizona. Col. McKenzie in command of the troops at the post at that time, followed with a troop of cavalry and overtook them on the plains of Texas and New Mexico. When Col. McKenzie and troops came in sight the Indians mounted their ponies, and formed a line of battle ready to meet them, but there being a number of Indian scouts along with the soldiers that could speak fluently the Apache language, they fixed up a treaty with the Indians without very much fighting. The Indians made a conditional surrender of all their guns and ammunition together with 1100 head of ponies, and returned back about Christmas with the troops to the reservation. Col. McKenzie and some of the leading chiefs with their women and children stopped on their return trip, and staid over night in Henrietta.

The writer and two or three others of Henrietta visited Chief Lone-Wolf's headquarters in the Cache creek bottoms near the post, in the latter part of the winter '74. On entering the chief's tepee, he motioned us to be seated around the fire, which was built on the ground in the center of the tepee, where some half a dozen rough looking Indians, and a few squaws and papoose's were eating dinner. In those days the Apaches and Texans didn't like each other any too well, and when the old chief wanted to know where we were from we told him that we were from every other state but Texas. But he knew better, and said that we were from Tehanak the name that they use for Texas. We hadn't been in the tepee but a few minutes until they wanted to examine our side arms. One or two of the boys granted their request, but we concluded pretty soon that business of more

importance called us elsewhere. We bid the old chief and his braves good day, and made our way back to the post.

I was at the sale when the government sold the 1100 head of Indian ponies. They were sold in bunches of half a dozen, bringing from \$25 to \$30 per bunch.

White-Horse, Kicking-Bird, Tabananaka and Lone-Wolf have long since passed in their cheeks and crossed over the river to the happy hunting grounds.

CHAPTER XI.

DISTRICT COURT SPRING TERM '75.

The spring term of the district court was convened and held in a new blacksmith shop just built, standing on the corner of Bridge and Grafton streets, and presided over by his honor Judge J. M. Lindsey of Gainesville. At this term of the court Frank Smith and Charles Holden, a negro soldier, were tried and convicted of murder in the first degree and the death sentence passed upon them, Smith for the killing of Murphy in '73, and Holden for the killing of two whiskey peddlers at or near old Fort Auger in Wilbarger county, in '74, Clay county having jurisdiction over all offences committed in Wilbarger county at that time. Lieutenant Kelley arrested Holden for the crime and turned him over to the sheriff of Clay county to be tried by the civil authorities. The sheriff came in with his prisoner, and and there being no jail, was going to start with him the next morning for the Gainesville jail where he could be safely kept until the next regular term of the district court, but learning about dark that some of the citizens of the then little village were collecting themselves together to have a little fun that night, by taking the darkey from the sheriff and carying him down on the slough and swinging him to a limb of a tree, and he not having force enough to stand off a mob, turned

the negro over to a Canadian by the name of Dumont with orders to start at once for Gainesville and place the prisoner in the Cook county jail for safe keeping until the next regular term of district court.

As soon as it got good dark, Dumont put his prisoner in the road before him on foot, and he (Dumont) walked behind him with his pistol in his hand, and told the prisoner to get up and get. And he got. By day light the next morning they were in St. Jo, Montague county, and by the middle of the afternoon the negro was landed in the Cook county jail.

As soon as the mob missed Dumont and the prisoner, they began looking in every nook and corner about the place. They patrolled up and down the slough for a mile or so, and went across to Dry Fork and hunted up and down the creek, thinking that Dumont had him secreted and hid away near the village. They walked nearly all night and patrolled the country for several miles around, but the bird had flown and they gave it up as a bad job and concluded to let the law take its course.

The jury that sat on Charles Holden's case came to an agreement about ten o'clock at night and as Judge Lindsey hadn't retired for the night, he had the prisoner brought out and received the verdict from the jury in the sitting room at the Earle House, and then and there pronounced the death sentence upon Holden. But Holden's lawyer, a Mr. Wilkerson of Sherman, Texas, took an appeal to the supreme court, and the case was reversed, and sent back for a new trial. Holden was finally sent to the penitentiary for life, and a few years later he passed in his checks.

Frank Smith was hung some time during the year, about half a mile northwest from the old public square and buried near by. His grave has been obliterated, and very few can mark the spot

where the doomed man was laid to rest. While the hanging was going on, some of the drunken cowboys, with blood in their eyes, and searching for nortarity, made a demonstration as though they were going to shoot the rope above the prisoner's head, but the doomed man signaled them to be quiet, that he was prepared to die and meet his redeemer on the celestial shores of Paradise. Without any further demonstrations from those ignoramus cow boys the doomed man was launched into eternity.

At the same term of the court one Joe Porter, an ex-frontier ranger, filled himself up on jim crow whiskey, got on a whiz, flourished his six-shooter in the air, yelled worse than a Comanche Indian and made a break for the dining room of the Earl House, where Judge Lindsey and most all the court officers and attendants were at supper, exclaiming, "Give me my supper or there will be music in the air." There was a general stampede from the supper table. Judge Lindsey begged to be excused, but left the supper table in good order, however. By this time Deputy Sheriff Pruitt made his appearence, and took Porter by the arm, and in leading him out through the dining room door Porter shot him in the side, making a serious but not necessarily dangerous wound. Porter liberated himself and made for the street, defying anyone to attempt to arrest him. Ex-Sheriff W. T. Wayborn of Montague county, being present, and very strong for one of his age, grabbed Porter's arm before he had time to shoot. By this time Judge Lindsey was on the street, and ordered Porter to be locked up. Ex-Sheriff Wayborn has had a great deal of experience on the frontiers of northwest Texas, in running down and arresting toughs and desperadoes, until a flourish of the six-shooter by a drunken ex-frontier ranger never daunts him in the least. He is living in the town of Montague and is getting very old and in a few years will reach the the four score and ten notch. Deputy Sheriff Pruitt got well and was able for duty again in a short time.

Porter fought his case in the courts for several terms, and finally beat the case by putting up a plea of insanity by being intoxicated on jim crow whiskey.

The second term of the district court of '75 was opened and held in August of the same year in a building standing on the corner of Spring and Bridge streets. The house was only partly finished. The court was presided over by his honor Judge J. M. Lindsey. W. H. Newsom, the sheriff, being absent without leave from the court, Judge Lindsey appointed F. O. Sherman special sheriff to wait on the court and act as sheriff until a sheriff could be elected. At the general election in November of the same year T. W. Gee was elected sheriff for the next two years. The courts in those days only lasted a week and some times not so long. After the adjournment of this court, the building was finished and one side was stocked with dry goods by T. E. Hall, and the other side was occupied as a drug store by S. M. Sears. The building has long since been torn down and removed.

At an early day J. W. Wilson and Wm. Smith, two stock men of Clay county, were accused of killing a man in the south part of the county. They kept out of the way of the officers of Clay county to prevent being arrested. J. W. Wilson (being known all over Northwest Texas) rode into Gainesville one day, where Judge Lindsey lived, and Lindsey had the sheriff of Cook county to arrest and put him in jail. His lawyer sued out a writ of habeas corpus, and Judge Lindsey having jurisdiction of the case set his preliminary hearing to take place at Henrietta. Two or three days before the trial Judge Lindsey ordered the sheriff of Clay county to come and get the prisoner and have him in court at Henrietta for a preliminary hearing. The sheriff and prisoner together with Judge Lindsey left Gainesville for Henrietta, and on reaching Montague town he learned that a mob of cow boys, (employes and friends of Wilson), was going to try and rescue

the prisoner from the officers in the cross timbers a few miles west of Montague town. Judge Lindsey ordered Wilson back to the Cook county jail, saying that he didn't propose to let a lot of ignoramus cow boys out-general him. By some hook or crook Wilson got out of jail and remained away a year or so, and then rode up to the court house door in the town of Henrietta, while Judge Carroll's court was in session and gave himself up to the sheriff. He was tried at that term of the court and acquitted.

Judge Lindsey's last term of court in Henrietta was opened and held on the 3, 4 and 5 of April, '76, a term of three days. Thus wound up his judicial term and he retired to his home in Gainesville, Cook county, Texas, where he is still living, and enjoying the fruits of his labors, and delights in telling his children his up and downs, while holding his courts at an early day on the frontiers of Texas.

CHAPTER XII.

FRANK AND JESSE JAMES, ALLEN FARMER AND THE YOUNGER BROTHERS.

Frank and Jesse James and the Younger brothers who created so much notoriety a few years ago, and whose daring deeds have been recorded and read in history from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the snow capped peaks of Alaska to the vine clad hills of Italy, used to pass through Clay county at an early day, on their way to the Montazumas in old Mexico. The Younger brothers stopped and lived for a while in Scyene, Dallas county, Texas. At an early day, before they had created so much notoriety, the writer met and formed an acquaintance with them at Scyene. They were very social and polite and appeared to be quiet and peaceful young men. One not acquainted with them,

would not have taken them to have been anything else but law-abiding and peaceful citizens; but a short time later on, at Seyene, Texas, one of them shot and killed Charles Nichols, deputy sheriff and a man by the name of McMahan, both of Dallas county, and then quit the state and our acquaintance ceased.

Frank and Jesse James would stop in the Big Wichita Valley to visit their sister Mrs. Allen Parmer, and feed and rest up their jaded horses. Mr. and Mrs. Parmer came to Clay county in the early seventies, and cast their lot with the early settlers, in order to restore to themselves and children losses sustained during the late war. Mr. Parmer opened up a farm on the south side of the Big Wichita river, near what is known as the Boger crossing. He lived on and run this farm for a few years and then moved with his family to Henrietta. While Mr. Parmer was living in Henrietta an express train in Missouri was held up and robbed of a large sum of money. The United States authorities, sent a detective down to Henrietta and had Mr. Parmer arrested as being implicated in the crime. He demanded an examining trial before the United States commissioner at Sherman, Texas, and proved an alibi by a half a dozen good reliable witnesses whom he had taken from Henrietta with him, but to no avail. The officers carried him to Kansas City, Missouri, and before they put him in jail, he happened to meet an old darkey that was with him during the war. The old darkey thought that all Mr. Parmer wanted or needed to get loose from the officers, was a six-shooter well loaded. So, as Mr. Palmer was being led to jail, the old darkey slipped a loaded six-shooter into his pocket. Mr. Parmer kept the pistol concealed in the jail with him until his release, when he showed it to the officers, and they were surprised and wondered how he got it, but he never gave the old darkey away.

Mr. and Mrs. Parmer lived in Henrietta quite a while and then moved to Wichita Falls, where they lost one of their little

boys, by drowning. Soon thereafter Mrs. Parmer took sick and passed away, no doubt to meet her boy in a better land, where all is peace and sorrow never comes.

Mr. Parmer lives on his stock farm near the Falls, and is a peaceful and law-abiding citizen and is liked by all who know him. He seldom ever mentions his ups and downs during the late war, while following Quantrell across the borders of Missouri and Kansas.

Jesse James was assassinated at St. Joseph, Missouri, by little Robert Ford, who for a few thousand dollars betrayed his best friend, and who was looked upon by many as being worse than Judius Iscariot who betrayed his Lord and Master for a few pieces of silver, or Benedict Arnold, who sold his country for a commission in the British army.

Frank James is still living and makes his home part of the time in Dallas.

CHAPTER XIII.

SOME HAPPENINGS ABOUT '76.

The May term of the district court of '76 was opened and held in one room of the Harston Hotel, standing on the corner of Bridge and Wichita streets and was presided over by his honor Joseph A. Carroll of Denton, Texas, an uncle of our Mr. W. W. Carroll of the Carroll Land and Cattle Company, the previous legislature having changed the districts and put Clay and Denton counties in the same judicial district. Judge Carroll was elected district judge to take the place of Judge Lindsey, whose term of office expired the previous April. At one term of Judge Carroll's court, the court was opened and held in a frame school building, standing on the east side of block 6, fronting Clay street. While Judge Carroll and the court officers were at dinner, a cyclone from the northwest struck the town and blew down the building, but as luck would have it no one was seriously hurt.

"God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform,
He plants His foot-steps on the sea, and rides upon the storm."

One or two houses were picked up and turned completely around fronting a different direction from what they were built. Otherwise the houses were uninjured.

Judge Carroll came from Missouri to Texas in 1857, and settled in Denton county. At the breaking out of the late war he joined the Confederate army, and served through the war as major of his regiment. He made a good officer and a brave soldier. ("Says the Hon. Jerome C. Kearby of Dallas, who did service under him all during the war"). Major Carroll was the only one of a large family to take sides with, and fight for the Confederacy. He went back to Missouri to visit his old home in

'92, took sick while there, and died at Louisana, Missouri surrounded by a host of relatives and friends.

After the legislature passed an act creating the office of county judge, W. B. Plemons was elected first county judge, and held the office two terms, and that of mayor of Henrietta one term. Judge Plemons came from North Carolina to Eastern Texas at the close of the war. He took Horace Greely's advice and came west to Henrietta in '75, driving two yoke of oxen with a wagon loaded with Eastern Texas pine lumber. He opened up an office and began the practice of law, and ran once for district judge of this judicial district, but was defeated, and with Greely's words still ringing in his ears, emigrated further west, and stopped at Amarilla in Potter county, situated in the Pandandle of Texas, where he began the practice of his profession. He served one or two terms as district judge of the Panhandle district, and one term in the Texas legislature, and was a candidate before the congressional convention of this, the 13th, congressional [jumbo] district for the 55th congresss, but was defeated by a small majority by the Honorable John H. Stephens of Willbarger county. Judge Plemons served four years with Lee and Jackson in the army of Virginia during the late war and surrendered with Lee at Appomattox, April 7, 1865.

Mr. E. L. Barber, father of L. J. and John Barber, came from Chicago to Henrietta at an early day, and took his chances with those who had preceded him. He went into the hardware business, and run that for several years. He then turned the business over to his sons, and went back to Chicago, where he is now living. He was elected the first mayor of the town of Henrietta, and served one or two terms. He went out one night with some of the boys while he was mayor, and they together with himself violated one of the town ordiances. The next morning he walked into his [the mayor's] office and entered up

a fine of five dollars against one of the boys. This made the young man kick worse than a bay steer, whereupon his honor the mayor entered a fine against himself for ten dollars, for being out the night before with some of Pecks bad boys.

The Henrietta Journal, edited by a Mr. Williams, was the first newspaper published in Henrietta, though the first paper in the county was published at Cambridge. The Journal changed hands and was edited and run by A. S. Mercer and called the Henrietta Shield.

A short time after Henrietta was in incorporated as a town, a petition was presented to the commissioners court asking them to order an election to see whether or not a majority of the qualified voters of the town were in favor of stopping the sale of entoxicating liquors within the incorporated limits of the town. An election was ordered, a vote taken and she went dry. The saloon men began to run what was called the blined tigers or wheel of fortune: you put your money on the wheel, give it a turn and the tiger would do the rest. At the end of the year a majority of the voters come to the conclusion that those who danced ough to pay the fiddler and help keep up the school and corporation. The commissioners ordered another election, they took a vote and she went wet. This killed the tiger, and the boys had to march up and pay the fiddler, or they couldn't dance.

Dr. F. Johnson was the first postmaster of Henrietta, though not the first one appointed in the county. Soon After the organization of the county and the county seat fixed at Henrietta a petition was sent up to Washington asking that a post office be established at Henrietta. About this time our rival and sister town, New Henrietta, [now Cambridge], sent up a petition asking that W. L. Blanton be appointed postmaster at New Henrietta claiming that to be the county seat of Clay county, Texas. He got the appointment, and stopped the U. S. mail as she came

in from Montague and opened up his office. As soon as the postmaster-general learned the facts in the case, he appointed Dr. Johnson to supercede Mr. Blanton as postmaster and the office was moved to Henrietta.

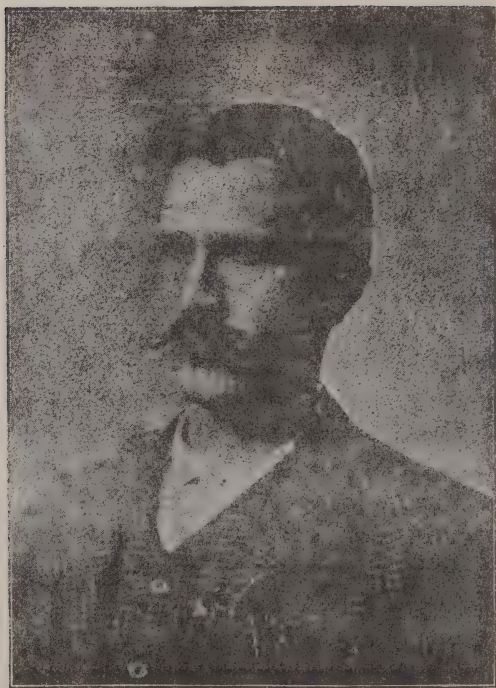
When the frontier telegraph line was built from Jocksboro to Fort Sill in '76, an office was established at New Henrietta and the name of the town changed to Cambridge, and a short time later they got a postoffice established by that name. At one time Cambridge was as good a town as Henrietta, if not better, but when the supreme court gave a decision in the case of Canton in VanZandt county against Wills Point in regard to county seats, they began tearing down and moving some of their houses to Henrietta; some they moved across Dry Fork without being torn down. Some of the names of those who first settled in Cambridge and are now living in Henrietta, are Col. T. M. McCluer, W. B. Wersham, D. C. Patten, W. R. Curtis, Mrs. Wm. J. Cunningham, Mrs. John Harter, Mrs. A. L. Butler, Joseph F. Johns, and Mrs. Rickard.

The Hon. W. A. Squires first settled in Cambridge, but when he saw no hopes of the county seat being changed to Cambridge, he moved over to Henrietta and began working to help build up the town. When the corporation of Henrietta was changed from that of a town to that of a city, he was elected its first mayor under the new charter and held the office for two or three terms. He was appointed postmaster during Cleveland's first administration and made a good post master. He has built more houses, worked harder and done more to build up Henrietta than any other two men in it. He is now president of Gulf, Brazos Valley and Pacific Railroad. He is going to turn the earth up side down or have the cars running into Henrietta by the first day of January, 1898. Look out for the cars when you hear the bell ring or engine whistle!



BABE COBB,

who came to Clay county in '73 and taught the first village school in Henrietta in '74. He now owns a stock farm and is living in the southwest part of the county.



S. M. SATTERFIELD

put up and ran the first little store, on the corner of Main and Commerce streets, in '74. He is now doing a large business on south side public square.

Geo Rouse brought the first stock of groceries into Clay county, in '72, and opened them up in a large tent near the crossing of Turkey creek on the Charlie road. He soon took sick and died in his tent when no one was present. He was buried near by. His goods invoiced \$700.00.

S. M. Satterfield brought the first stock of goods to Henrietta, in '74. He came from Gainesville and stopped a while in Wichita City, a little town springing up some ten miles northeast from Henrietta, but soon moved them to Henrietta and opened them up in a little log house standing on the corner of Commerce and Main streets. It was the second house built in Henrietta, but was torn down a few years ago.

Babe Cobb taught the first village school, in '74, in a little log school house then standing on the north side of the old public square. In those early days, from fifteen to twenty scholars were considered a big school. Prof. Cobb is now living on his stock farm in the south part of the county. He had much rather be out on the high prairies, branding mavericks, than sitting in the school room teaching the little ideas how to shoot.

Frank Carrington put up and run the first saloon that was ever run in the town. It was a little log shanty standing on the old public square, and the only business house then in the town. A squad of home seekers from one of the eastern counties came through town one day on their return trip from the west and imbibed pretty freely of some of Frank's bug juice. After leaving for home and getting about 400 yards east from town, began shooting back at the town, and made what few there were living here hunt a hole in the ground. As soon as the town people could get and load their Winchesters, they returned the fire, and

the home seekers retreated behind a hay rick standing near by, after some fifty or sixty shots had been fired, and one of their number slightly wounded, the home seekers began leaving the hay rick one at a time, leaving behind them at the rick one or two of their hats.

After the frontier telegraph line had been built from Concho and Jacksboro to Ft. Sill in '76 by Lieutenant Greely of the U. S. Army, there came one of the biggest floods that was ever seen in this country, since Noah rested his ark on Mount Arrarat. It was a sea of water covering the bottom from the Slough to the Little Wichita, and was deep enough to have floated an ocean steamer.

At an early day the government troops passed back and forth between Eort Sill and Jacksboro once and some times twice a week and very often the Little Wichita being up they would have to camp on the banks of the deep, muddy stream for several days at a time before they could get their trains across. The soldiers would some times tie old logs together, and make a kind of a Pontoon and cross their wagan over by hand and swim their horses.

In '74 Fred Woolgast, a shrewd kind of a Dutchman, saw where he could make some money out of the government by building a toll bridge across the stream on the government road. He applied to the state legislature and obtained a charter and built a toll bridge. He ran that a few years, and the county bought him out and made it a free bridge.

The first two persons to die and be buried at Henrietta, were an infant child of Mrs. Richard Warring, and a Mr. Harshman. The place where they were buried was afterwards laid out and is now being used as a cemetery, a city of the dead, whose population numbers several hundred inhabitants.

CHAPTER XIV.

DOT AND BIANCA BABB.

During the summer of '66 there lived on Dry Creek in Wise county, Texas, a prosperous and happy family.

The father and head of the family, John S. Babb, (now deceased), had emigrated from Wisconsin in the summer of '56 and settled with his family (as above related) on Dry Creek 12 miles west of Decatur in Wise county, Texas, preparatory of going into the stock business. He had for a long time prior to coming to Texas, lived on the frontier of Wisconsin among Winebago tribe of Indians, and thus became familiar with the customs and habits of the Indians, and felt no fear of trouble from them in his new home in Texas.

For a number of years Mr. Babb and family had dwelt in their new home without being molested by the Indians until they had become reconciled and all fear of them had about vanished from their minds.

In the summer of '66, Mr. Babb and his oldest son, H. C. Babb, [a resident of Henrietta for several years], started to Arkansas with a bunch of horses to exchange for cattle, little dreaming of the awful tragedy that was to take place during their absence.

He left his wife and son, T. A. Babb, who now lives in Wichita Falls, and Bianca Babb and Margie Babb, two small girls, to take care of the place and stock during his absence. In the afternoon of a September day, '66, T. A. Babb, (or Dot as he was generally called) saw a lot of men riding towards the house. They at first supposed them to a lot of cowboys on a round-up, but when they came up, they proved to be, instead of cowboys, 54 Comanche Indians all painted up and on the war-path, only one Indian came near the house at first, and when he was certain that there were no men folks about the house, he gave a war-whoop and in a few minutes the house was full of Indians.

They began tearing up and carrying out everything that they could get their hands on. After they had ripped open the feather beds and appropriated the bed-ticking to their own use, they started to leave the place, taking hold of the little boy, Dot, and Bianca, the eldest of the two girls, forced them to accompany them to their Indian homes. Mrs. Babb begged them to leave the children with her. As the Indians were carrying Bianca out, she grabbed hold of the gallery post, and clung to it so tight, that when the Indians jerked her loose it tore the skin from the inside of her hands. An Indian drew a butcher knife and acted like he was going to kill her, then it was that the mother came to the rescue of her two children, and while she was making a terrible fight for them, one old savage shot an Indian arrow into her back. While they were scalping her, another Indian, more wicked than Satan himself, plunged a lance into her throat. Dot pulled the arrow from his mother's back, and then she told him and Bianca to go on with the Indians and be good children and some day their father would get them back.

Little Margie was sick at the time, and as the Comanches are very superstitious about harming the sick, she was left undisturbed. The Indians made Dot, Bianca and a Mrs. Sarah Luster mount behind them on their horses, and traveled a mile or so, as fast as they could go. They then stopped and caught several of Mr. Babb's horses that were grazing on the prairie.

Taking a northwest course they traveled that afternoon, and all night in a fast pace, only stopping a few minutes at a time to let their horses rest.

They crossed the little Wichita the second day, about seven miles above where Henrietta is now located. The river was past fording, but they swam their horses and crossed themselves over on the drift wood. They never stopped long enough to get anything to eat, until the third day after leaving the Babb ranch, when the Indians killed a steer that the wolves had almost killed. The captives were so hungry, that they ate some of the

meat before it was cooked. Resuming their march, after cooking and eating their beef, they camped that evening just as the sun was sinking in the west, under the bluffs of Red river, and remained there two or three days.

The next day all the Indians left camp, except two, which were left to guard the camp and prisoners. One of the Indians left was wounded, having been shot in the knee in a skirmish with Glen Halsell and Ben Blanton, on the day of the capture at the Babb ranch. About an hour after the Indians had left camp, an awful yelling was heard some distance away; one of the Indians ran up the bluff to see what was going on, thinking that the white people were following them. The prisoners ran down the river some little distance, and then up the bluff to where they could see what was going on, thinking that their friends had come to their rescue, but no friends greeted their sight. The Indians had rounded in a herd of buffalo, and were killing some for meat. After the prisoners learned the cause of the racket, they turned and went back to camp, and found the old crippled Indian yelling at the top of his voice, thinking that they (the prisoners) were gone.

Some two days before reaching the Indian village, where the squaws and papposes were camped, Mrs. Luster and Dot attempted to make their escape. Before retiring for the night, they noticed where the Indians had staked two of their best horses. They did not go to sleep that night but waited for the moon to go down so that they could get away without being noticed by the Indians. After the moon had sank behind the western hills, and all the Indians sound asleep, they slipped from their pallets on which they were lying, and began hunting for bridles. Mrs. Luster soon found one and put it on one of the horses. Dot found one, but an Indian was using it under his head for a pillow. As he pulled it out from under the Indian's head, he awoke and gave the alarm. After Dot saw that there was no

chance for his escape he called to Mrs. Luster who had her horse ready, to mount and leave. She sprang on the horse and was soon out of hearing. When morning came, and the Indians could not find their escaped prisoner, they were mad, and took their spite out on Dot. They made a mark on the ground, and made Dot toe the mark. They would punch him on the bare breast with a pistol until the skin was torn from the flesh. When they could not make him cry, and he stood their ill treatment so bravely, they tied him to an old dead tree, and commenced to pile brush around him, as if they were going to burn him. Bianca, Dot's sister, who was near by, could not look upon the scene any longer and covered her head with a blanket. The Indians sang and danced around Dot and the tree for quite awhile, and when they saw that they could not scare nor make him cry, they untied him from the tree, and seemed to be very proud of his bravery. Bianca too; was spunky and brave like her brother, and was always ready to take her own part. That morning when starting on their journey, they separated Dot and Bianca and would not let them travel together.

When they arrived at the squaw camp, most of the Indians, big, little, old and young, came crowding around, as though they were going to pull them off of their horses and mob them. After arriving at camp, the old chief gave Bianca to a squaw named Leewishama whose husband was killed on the day that Bianca was captured. The Indians very often visited other lodges or villages of their tribe, and would always take Bianca with them. While on one of these visits she met a white boy who had been captured by another band of Indians while making a raid in Texas. She was well treated by the Indians and thought as much of apparently as one of their tribe. The old squaw would make a mixture of charcoal and grease and try to color her hair. Her dress was made of bed-ticking, one width doubled in the center, with a hole large enough for the head. Her hair dress

was pieces of silver money beaten out and fastened to a piece of skin, reaching from the crown of her head to the feet. Her bracelets consisted of large and small brass rings extending from the wrist to the elbows, one above the other. The Indians burnt her ears and not having silk cord to put into the holes to keep them from growing up, put little sticks into the holes.

The Indians moved about from place to place, changing their camp many times. Finally they were thrown into camp with a squaw who had previously attempted Bianca's life. This old squaw was still mad and tried to set the dogs on her. A few days later Bianca with several squaws and children were out gathering wood, when this old squaw ran at her with an uplifted ax. A young Indian girl ran between Bianca and the old squaw, receiving the blow which split her head causing instant death. For this crime the old squaw was arrested, and kept under guard all night, and the next day carried some distance from camp and probably executed according to the Indian laws, as she was never seen in camp again.

When the rations in camp began to get scarce, part of the tribe would strike out on a buffalo hunt. Bianca generally went on hunts with them, and liked it better than staying in camp. The bucks would kill the buffalo and the squaws dress and dry the meat. Should the provisions give out in camp before the hunters returned with the buffalo meat, they would sometimes kill a fat horse, and eat the meat.

When the cottonwood was in bloom the different tribes would meet for a big pow-wow and war dance and have a good time generally. Bianca would join in the song, and sing a kind of bumble bee ditty for the dancers. They had very remote ideas of the Great Spirit. During certain moons they would hold grand meetings, putting several tents together, making it large enough to accommodate two or three hundred people. The only entrance to the inside of this big tent was through a

hole dug in the ground, about six feet long, four feet deep and two feet wide. Anyone getting inside of this tent had to go in through this hole in the ground. Inside, in the center of the tent, was burning a large fire. Around the fire was a ditch filled with water, and around this ditch of water was a well beaten path where the braves would run around, sometimes several at a time, and at other times, only one would run around the fire, all the time saying something to the Great Spirit. Those attending these meetings had to wear their buffalo robes with the woolly side out and attend three mornings in succession bare-footed and without eating any breakfast. An Indian camp in the Western wilds was quite a picture. It was invariably in a picturesque locality, for, like the white man, the Indians have an eye to the beautiful. They avoid the mountains, choosing the smooth prairie, where the buffalo and elk graze, where the wild turkey and the prairie chicken love to stay, on some quiet river.

In June, '67 an Indian scout and interpreter by the name of Horace Jones and a Comanche chief from another band, came to the Indian camp in New Mexico, and told Bianca that they had come to take her to her father. Her heart leaped for joy, yet she could scarcely believe them. Her Indian mother begged her not to leave her, but when Bianca insisted on going, the old Indian would not let her come into the tent. Bianca sat down on the outside of the tent. About midnight the old squaw came out and told Bianca to come go with her, and she would take her to her father. Bianca followed her for quite a while, and then she took her on her back and carried her a long distance. About 9 o'clock next morning they came to a large hole in the prairie, in which they halted to rest. They hadn't been there long before the old Indian chief came riding up. He appeared to be very mad, he took Bianca up behind him on his horse,

and the squaw following, went back to camp, where they soon left for Fort Arbuckle, near the Arbuckle Mountains in the Indian Territory, where Bianca met her father, who looked much aged over his late troubles by losing part of his family.

After being separated from his sister Dot was carried into Colorado. He was well thought of by the Indians and was given several horses, was allowed to go with them on the hunt but not so when they were on a marauding expedition, although he told them he would not take the advantage and get away.

Dot remained with the Indians about two years when in the summer of '68 he was on the Cimarron river where he had the first news that he was to be ransomed. He was with Horse Back and the news was brought by Old Essehabbie. After receiving the news they went to the Washita river where his father and Horace Jones, a noted Indian scout, were met. This was about where Anadarko now stands, from which place they went to Ft. Arbuckle where the final change was made.

Dot has been in the western part of the state ever since and was one of the first settlers in Wichita Falls. He has a large ranch in the upper part of Wichita county, but his residence is in Wichita Falls.

Little Bianca Babb, who 30 years ago lived with and followed the Comanches far over the Texas frontier, and gathered wild flowers with the dusky Indian maiden, is now Mrs. Bianca Babb Bell of Henrietta, Texas. She is the mother of several sprightly little boys and girls, and often tells them how that, when a little girl, she rode the wild mustang, and chased the buffalo and antelope across the plains of Northwest Texas and New Mexico.

CHAPTER XV.

THIEVING INDIANS.

It was in the latter part of December, '67, that a band of Co-

manche Indians, numbering three score or more, met around the counsel fire, on the banks of the Canadian in the Western part of the Indian Territory.

The weather was extremely cold, and the curling smoke from their wigwams could be seen some distance away. To the Southwest lay the Wichita Mountains, stretching out towards the setting sun with their towering peaks all covered with snow.

At this counsel it was decided to don the war-paint, make a raid, and depredate upon the frontier settlements of Northwest Texas, and round in as many Texas horses as they could, preparatory for a big raid at the rising of grass in the following spring. When this band crossed Red river near Red River Station on the Northwest border of Montague county, the weather was still cold, and a deep snow covered the ground. No one was looking for or expecting the Indians to make a raid at that time of the year. While the men were out hunting the deer and the antelope, in order to replenish their scanty supply of meat, the mothers and little ones were at home, sitting around the winter fires, little dreaming that a band of Comanche Indians were approaching their humble abodes.

After crossing Red river the Indians traveled east through the Cross Timbers North of the town of Montague, and entered the prairie near the head of Clear Creek, where they killed and scalped a man, leaving his body on the high prairie to be devoured by the wolves. A few miles further down the creek they captured a Mrs. Shegog, with a little child in her arms. Not wishing to be bothered with the child, took it by the feet and dashed its brains out against a tree, but carried the mother along with them.

After traveling all night, prowling about small settlements for horses, they stopped a little before day in the Elm bottom near the then little village of Gainesville, Cook county, to rest themselves and get a little sleep. Wrapping themselves in their buf-

falo robes, they lay down around their prisoner, and soon passed into the land of dreams. Mrs. Shegog, realizing the situation, slipped from the pallet on which she was lying, passing over her captors, made her escape into the village almost frozen to death. When the Indians awoke from their peaceful slumbers, and found their prisoner gone, they made a hasty retreat up Brushy Elm, carrying with them all the horses they could, making their escape back across Red river.

As soon as Mrs. Shegog told of her capture and escape from the Indians, the citizens of Gainesville gathered together and struck out in pursuit of the thieving band, but the Indians had made their escape back across Red river into the Wichita Mountains, with a good bunch of Texas horses.

CHAPTER XVI:

ANOTHER INDIAN RAID.

Most every body knows, or ought to know, what an Indian summer is, in the fall of the year.

It was on one of these days in October, '68, that a band of some 200 Comanche Indians met near where the government post of Fort Sill is now located, on Medicine Creek, where its limped waters flow from the Wichita Mountains, to plan a raid and depredate upon the frontier settlements of Northwest Texas.

In the latter part of the month above mentioned, the Indians crossed Red river near the mouth of the Big Wichita on the north borders of Clay county. Their object was to murder, steal horses and carry off the women and children captives in order to receive a ransom from the government for returning them back to their relatives and friends. After leaving the mouth of the Big Wichita, the Indians traveled southeast in the direction of the Brushy Mound. This was a little round top mountain standing on the prairie in Montague county, covering several

acres, and covered by a small growth of brushy timber. This mound was a noted resort for Indians passing back and forth on their raids, and was used by them as a kind of lookout in viewing Victory Peak (a few miles to the east), and surrounding country. On the south and near the base of this peak the McDonald Ranch was located, the only settlement west of Montague town. Several times the Indians attacked and tried to burn this ranch, but as many times failed.

Leaving this settlement, they passed on into Wise county, going west and south of Decatur. Here in this county they killed a Mrs. Vick and a man by the name of Hardin. Turning east they came within a few miles of the town of Denton. Here they stopped to rest, where they killed and barbecued several beeves. After resting and feasting on barbecued meat for several hours they struck northwest up Hickory Creek on their return, gathering all the horses in their route.

As the Indians passed out at the head of Hickory, they met up with and killed B. F. Cunnius at the Keepes houses. Mr. Cunnius was out horse hunting when they ran on to him. After being badly wounded, he dismounted from his horse and ran into the old houses for protection. The Indians made several attempts to dislodge him from the old houses, but he being well armed, drove them back, and no doubt killed and wounded several of them. A few days later Mr. Cunnius was found in one of the old houses dead. His two pistols lay by his side, with only one load remaining in each pistol. He had been shot in the jugular vein, and from all appearance had bled to death, though not until after he had drove the enemy from the door. Then it was that he lay down on the floor with his coat under his head for a pillow, with his trusty pistols by his side and expired. Cunnius' widow, now Mrs. M. E. DuBois, has resided in Henrietta since '79. His daughter, Miss Lou, married a Mr. Neely a few years ago and is now living with her husband in the state of Washington.

After leaving the Keepes houses, the Indians traveled the divide between Denton and Clear Creeks. They killed a Mr. Fortenberry on the high prairie, and then passed out, and entered the Cross Timbers near where Forestburg is now located, driving 150 to 200 head of Texas horses before them, making their escape back into the Indian country.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DAY OF THE BUFFALO.

In the early seventies, when Henrietta was the only frontier village west of Montague town in the upper Cross Timbers, the bison, or Texas buffalo, could be seen in countless numbers grazing on the high prairies of Clay, Wichita and Archer counties. It was no unusual sight to see several thousand of them grazing around in the shade near some stream or lake of water, like that many Texas cattle. The buffalos were like the wild geese. They would emigrate south in the early fall, and graze in the Brazos and Wichita valleys during the Winter.

In the spring of '74 while some of the inhabitants of the little village were hauling supplies from Sherman, Texas, the nearest railroad station, over a hundred miles distant, and others preparing to open out little farms in the surrounding neighborhood, D. W. Spore, Wm. Parish, M. C. Houze and a few others, concluded to venture out west some thirty-five or forty miles on the buffalo range and kill and skin buffalos for their hides.

Supplying themselves with buffalo guns, ammunition, rations and camp equipments, they pulled for the range and established their first camp on Holliday creek in Archer county, some thirty-five miles distant. During the spring and summer while in camp, they killed and skinned from three to five hundred head of buffalos. After the buffalos began to get scarce on this range they picked up their hides and moved their camp on to the head of

the Little Wichita river. After locating their camp on the Little Wichita, they built tepees out of buffalo hides and remained in this camp all fall and winter. Killing and skinning some two thousand buffalos.

The meat of the buffalo is very coarse grained, but does not have the taste of that of other wild meats. Those not accustomed to the meat of the buffalo, could scarcely distinguish it from beef-steak. In the fall of the year while the buffalo was fat the hunters would cut out and cure the rounds, and pack them away to use through the winter, though there was hardly ever a month in the year but what some of the buffalos were fat enough to make good beef.

One man generally did the killing, while the rest of the hunters took off their hides. He would secrete himself within two or three hundred yards of the buffalos and when they would start off, he would kill the leader, and by that means frustrate the herd and cause them to commence milling, (that is, to go round and round), and the hunter generally got the whole herd without moving from his first position.

Hunting and killing buffalos was such a paying business that in '75 and '76, a great many went into the business and started camps all over Northwest Texas. Jones Vaughn had a camp on Croten creek in Knox county, and worked some twelve or fifteen hands. McCamy had two big camps, one at the Yellow Cat cannon, and the other at the Adobe Walls in the Pandandle.

These Adobe Walls were built a great many years ago for a fort by the Spaniards, probably when Texas was a Republic or belonged to Mexico. Here at this fort the Apache Indians attacked McCamy and his men, but they being well armed with long range buffalo guns drove the Indians away.

There were other camps located on Pease river, Ragged Mountain creek and Little Round Top on the head of Groesbeck. Most every camp worked from ten to fifteen men each, and sometimes

more. They would generally kill and skin several hundred head of buffalos a day.

Henrietta was headquarters for the hunters. The freighters who carried out supplies to the camps would bring back buffalo hides. They worked from eight to twelve yoke of cattle to the team, with two trail wagons.

When several of these ox teams were strung out and on the move loaded with buffalo hides, they looked like a caravan crossing the desert, or the Staked Plains during the gold excitement in California away back in the fifties.

In '74, Judge Doane established an Indian trading post on Prairie Dog Fork of Red river in the north part of Wilbarger county. He did a good business, receiving in exchange for his goods, furs and robes from the Indians, and buffalo hides from the hunters. Here also at this post a cow trail crossed the Prairie Dog Fork of Red river, leading from Southern Texas to Western Kansas, though the Kiawa and Comanche, Cheyenne, Arappaho and Apache reservations, where from a hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand Texas cattle crossed the river during the summer, and for several years there thereafter.

The cow men had a great deal to contend with in passing through the reservations. The Indians would very often steal up close where the cattle were bedded at night, give them a scare and stampede the whole herd of several thousand in every direction. The herders would be several days in gathering the herd again. Some they would never find. After the herd would pass on up the trail, the Indians would gather up all the lost cattle, and drive them into the Wichita Mountains, and convert them to their own use. The trail of a stampeded herd of Texas cattle through the timber looks very much like the trail of a Texas cyclone. You can find the bark knocked off of the trees, and and cow horns scattered around promiscuously on the ground.

As stated before Henrietta was headquarters for the buffalo hunters. A hide depot was established here, and the freighters returning loaded with hides would generally unload here, and return back to the range with supplies. Other freighters would carry the buffalo hides on to Sherman, at which place they brought from two fifty to three dollars a piece, thirty-six dollars per dozen.

Freighters always got a load of freight each way, and generally hauled from eight to twelve thousand pounds to the team. Provisions on the frontier, in the days of the buffalo, were very high. Flour at one time in Henrietta, in '75, sold at from six to seven dollars per hundred pounds, and further west still higher. Bacon from twenty to twenty-five cents per pound. Corn on the range sold for, from four to five cents per pound, and everything else in proportion. It was easier then to buy flour at six and seven dollars per hundred pounds, than it is now ('97) at two dollars and fifty cents. They told us just before the election, that Mr. Prosperity would be around to see us this year. Well he has never arrived. If he ever started he must have got water-bound in Arkansas.

In '77 and '78 most all the buffalos in Northwest Texas had disappeared, and the hunting and killing of buffalos for their hides was soon a thing of the past. Goodnight has a small herd running with his cattle at his ranch in the Panhandle of Texas. Since the extermination of the buffalos in Texas, the Indian has ceased his depredations on the Texas frontier.

If the Buffalos in Northwest Texas had been exterminated years before they were, raids and depredations by the Indians would have been less frequent. The Indians claimed the buffalos as their cattle, and wherever the buffalos grazed there you might expect to find the Indian also. But the buffalo has long since disappeared before the hunters like the melting snow before a noon day sun.

CHAPTER XVIII.

QUANAH AND CYNTHIA ANN PARKER.

In the year 1833 the Parker family moved from Illinois to Texas, and settled on the Navasota River near the present site of the town of Groesbeck, the county seat of Limestone county. There they and other settlers of that neighborhood built a stockade for a defense against the Comanches who had been at war with the whites since 1829.

The colony consisted of nine families, numbering in all thirty-four people—nine men, ten women and fifteen children. On the morning of the 17th of May, 1836, the Comanches suddenly appeared, several hundred strong, and after a parley of apparent friendly intentions, charged the fort and killed John Parker and his two sons, Silas M. and Benjamin F. Parker, Samuel M. Frost and his son Robert. They captured Mrs. Rachel Plummer, a daughter of James W. Parker, and her two-year-old son, Mrs. Elizabeth Kellogg, Cynthia Ann Parker and her younger brother John, who were the children of Silas M. Parker. The other four men of the colony, who were in the field some distance from the stockade, came up before the massacre of the women and children was completed and drove the Indians back for a time, and during the night hid themselves in the creek bottom with the surviving women and children, some of whom were severely wounded. The next morning three of the men, seeing no Indians in sight, visited the stockade and found five horses, a few saddles and some provisions, which they took. Fearing a second attack from the Comanches, they left hurriedly without burying the dead. That night the party started through the wilderness to Fort Houston, which stood on ground now the farm of the Hon. John H. Reagan of Palestine, Texas, late postmaster-general of the Southern Confederacy and last surviving member

of President Davis' cabinet. A party of twelve men went from Fort Houston to the scene of the massacre at Fort Parker and buried the dead.

The Comanches retreated to the plains with their captives and nothing was heard of them until six months afterwards, when a party of Delaware Indians brought Mrs. Elizabeth Kellogg to Nacogdoches and delivered her to General Sam Houston for \$150.00. Her story of the war dance of the Comanches on the night after the Fort Parker massacre was horrible.

All the captives were brought together for the first time since their capture, and with their hands tied behind them with raw-hide strings which cut into the flesh; their feet were also tied and they were thrown on the ground. The warriors gathered around with the bloody scalps they had taken and danced over and around them, stamping on them and lashing them with their bow strings until the blood flowed. They were left bound all night, the children screaming with pain and terror.

Mrs. Kellogg was turned over to the Keechi Indians who in turn sold her to the Delawares, who brought her back to civilization. Soon after her return to her people a Comanche prisoner was brought in slightly wounded. She recognized him as the warrior who had scalped John Parker. The Indian was hanged at once without any formality.

Eighteen months after the massacre Mrs. Rachel Plummer was ransomed from the Comanches by an Irish trader named Donahue, near Santa Fe, New Mexico. Donahue took her home where his wife provided her with clothing and took care of her until she could be sent to her people in Texas. Her story was pitiful in the extreme.

It told the devilish fierceness and horrible cruelty of her barbarous captors in details so revolting and offensive to civilized sensibilities. It is only to say, they tortured to death the baby which was born after her capture because it cried at night.

They also maltreated her in every way it was possible for the barbaric mind to conceive. Her health was broken and she died a year after reaching home.

Six years later her son, James Pratt Plummer, was ransomed and taken to Fort Gibson. He never saw his mother after the massacre at the Fort. This left in captivity Cynthia Ann and John Parker. Immediately after their capture they were separated and did not meet again.

John grew up a Comanche in everything except lineage. The long civilization of his ancestry was lost in the years of his childhood, and he became a primitive barbarian like his aboriginal associates, and hunted, raided and marauded with the wildest and fiercest of the tribe.

On a raid into Mexico a young girl was captured and her Spanish beauty took hold on the heart of the Caucasian, and she consented to marry the white-faced, blue-eyed warrior as soon as the rendezvous of the tribe was reached.

While crossing the plains John fell sick with small-pox, a disease which had the greatest terrors for the Comanches, as it had nearly destroyed the tribe a number of years before, the Indians at once decided that the sick man should be left alone to die. His Spanish sweetheart refused to leave him, remained and nursed him, and when able to travel he returned to Mexico with her and took up life in a Mexican jacal. During the civil war with Mexico he served with distinction in a Mexican company. At the close of the war he returned to Dana Juanita and his Mexican home, where at last accounts he was living.

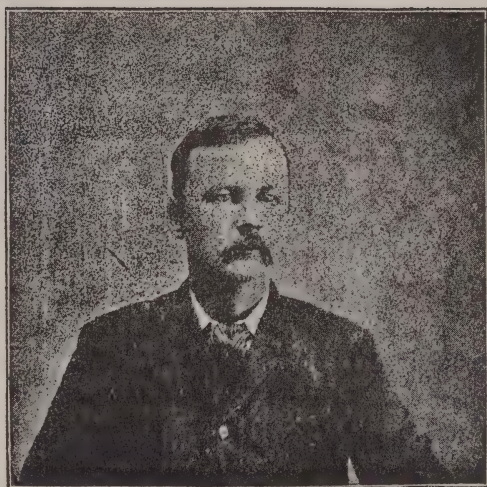
Of Cynthia Ann nothing was heard for many years. Her relatives made many efforts to ascertain her whereabouts and if possible to ransom her from captivity.

In 1840 Col. Lew Williams of Texas, met Pahanka's band of Comanches on the Canadian river. Pahanka was inclined to be peaceful. With Pahanka's band was a white girl, who Col. Wil-

in from Montague and opened up his office. As soon as the postmaster-general learned the facts in the case, he appointed Dr. Johnson to supercede Mr. Blanton as postmaster and the office was moved to Henrietta.

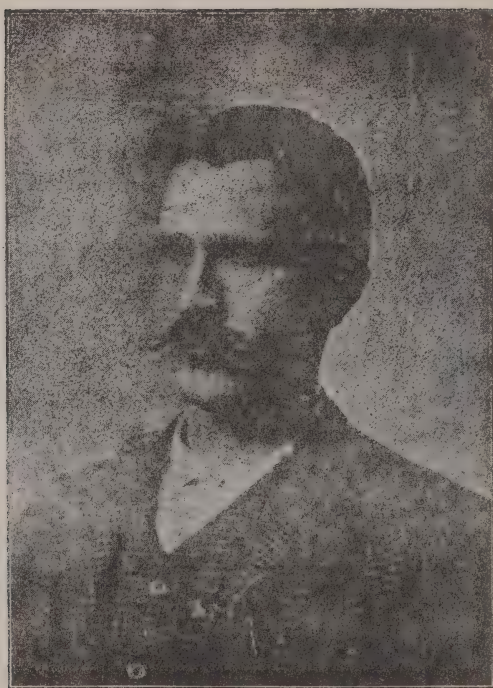
When the frontier telegraph line was built from Jocksboro to Fort Sill in '76, an office was established at New Henrietta and the name of the town changed to Cambridge, and a short time later they got a postoffice established by that name. At one time Cambridge was as good a town as Henrietta, if not better, but when the supreme court gave a decision in the case of Canton in VanZandt county against Wills Point in regard to county seats, they began tearing down and moving some of their houses to Henrietta; some they moved across Dry Fork without being torn down. Some of the names of those who first settled in Cambridge and are now living in Henrietta, are Col. T. M. McCluer, W. B. Worsham, D. C. Patten, W. R. Curtis, Mrs. Wm. J. Cunningham, Mrs. John Harter, Mrs. A. L. Butler, Joseph F. Johns, and Mrs. Rickard.

The Hon. W. A. Squires first settled in Cambridge, but when he saw no hopes of the county seat being changed to Cambridge, he moved over to Henrietta and began working to help build up the town. When the corporation of Henrietta was changed from that of a town to that of a city, he was elected its first mayor under the new charter and held the office for two or three terms. He was appointed postmaster during Cleveland's first administration and made a good post master. He has built more houses, worked harder and done more to build up Henrietta than any other two men in it. He is now president of Gulf, Brazos Valley and Pacific Railroad. He is going to turn the earth up side down or have the cars running into Henrietta by the first day of January, 1898. Look out for the cars when you hear the bell ring or engine whistle!



BABE COBB,

who came to Clay county in '73 and taught the first village school in Henrietta in '74. He now owns a stock farm and is living in the southwest part of the county.



S. M. SATTERFIELD

put up and ran the first little store, on the corner of Main and Commerce streets, in '74. He is now doing a large business on south side public square.

Geo Rouse brought the first stock of groceries into Clay county, in '72, and opened them up in a large tent near the crossing of Turkey creek on the Charlie road. He soon took sick and died in his tent when no one was present. He was buried near by. His goods invoiced \$700.00.

S. M. Satterfield brought the first stock of goods to Henrietta, in '74. He came from Gainesville and stopped a while in Wichita City, a little town springing up some ten miles northeast from Henrietta, but soon moved them to Henrietta and opened them up in a little log house standing on the corner of Commerce and Main streets. It was the second house built in Henrietta, but was torn down a few years ago.

Babe Cobb taught the first village school, in '74, in a little log school house then standing on the north side of the old public square. In those early days, from fifteen to twenty scholars were considered a big school. Prof. Cobb is now living on his stock farm in the south part of the county. He had much rather be out on the high prairies, branding mavericks, than sitting in the school room teaching the little ideas how to shoot.

Frank Carrington put up and run the first saloon that was ever run in the town. It was a little log shanty standing on the old public square, and the only business house then in the town. A squad of home seekers from one of the eastern counties came through town one day on their return trip from the west and imbibed pretty freely of some of Frank's bug juice. After leaving for home and getting about 400 yards east from town, began shooting back at the town, and made what few there were living here hunt a hole in the ground. As soon as the town people could get and load their Winchesters, they returned the fire, and

the home seekers retreated behind a hay rick standing near by, after some fifty or sixty shots had been fired, and one of their number slightly wounded, the home seekers began leaving the hay rick one at a time, leaving behind them at the rick one or two of their hats.

After the frontier telegraph line had been built from Concho and Jacksboro to Ft. Sill in '76 by Lieutenant Greely of the U. S. Army, there came one of the biggest floods that was ever seen in this country, since Noah rested his ark on Mount Arrarat. It was a sea of water covering the bottom from the Slough to the Little Wichita, and was deep enough to have floated an ocean steamer.

At an early day the government troops passed back and forth between Fort Sill and Jacksboro once and some times twice a week and very often the Little Wichita being up they would have to camp on the banks of the deep, muddy stream for several days at a time before they could get their trains across. The soldiers would some times tie old logs together, and make a kind of a Pontoon and cross their wagon over by hand and swim their horses.

In '74 Fred Woolgast, a shrewd kind of a Dutchman, saw where he could make some money out of the government by building a toll bridge across the stream on the government road. He applied to the state legislature and obtained a charter and built a toll bridge. He ran that a few years, and the county bought him out and made it a free bridge.

The first two persons to die and be buried at Henrietta, were an infant child of Mrs. Richard Warring, and a Mr. Harshman. The place where they were buried was afterwards laid out and is now being used as a cemetery, a city of the dead, whose population numbers several hundred inhabitants.

CHAPTER XIV.

DOT AND BIANCA BABB.

During the summer of '66 there lived on Dry Creek in Wise county, Texas, a prosperous and happy family.

The father and head of the family, John S. Babb, (now deceased), had emigrated from Wisconsin in the summer of '56 and settled with his family (as above related) on Dry Creek 12 miles west of Decatur in Wise county, Texas, preparatory of going into the stock business. He had for a long time prior to coming to Texas, lived on the frontier of Wisconsin among Winebago tribe of Indians, and thus became familiar with the customs and habits of the Indians, and felt no fear of trouble from them in his new home in Texas.

For a number of years Mr. Babb and family had dwelt in their new home without being molested by the Indians until they had become reconciled and all fear of them had about vanished from their minds.

In the summer of '66, Mr. Babb and his oldest son, H. C. Babb, [a resident of Henrietta for several years], started to Arkansas with a bunch of horses to exchange for cattle, little dreaming of the awful tragedy that was to take place during their absence.

He left his wife and son, T. A. Babb, who now lives in Wichita Falls, and Bianca Babb and Margie Babb, two small girls, to take care of the place and stock during his absence. In the afternoon of a September day, '66, T. A. Babb, (or Dot as he was generally called) saw a lot of men riding towards the house. They at first supposed them to a lot of cowboys on a round-up, but when they came up, they proved to be, instead of cowboys, 54 Comanche Indians all painted up and on the war-path, only one Indian came near the house at first, and when he was certain that there were no men folks about the house, he gave a war-whoop and in a few minutes the house was full of Indians.

They began tearing up and carrying out everything that they could get their hands on. After they had ripped open the feather beds and appropriated the bed-ticking to their own use, they started to leave the place, taking hold of the little boy, Dot, and Bianca, the eldest of the two girls, forced them to accompany them to their Indian homes. Mrs. Babb begged them to leave the children with her. As the Indians were carrying Bianca out, she grabbed hold of the gallery post, and clung to it so tight, that when the Indians jerked her loose it tore the skin from the inside of her hands. An Indian drew a butcher knife and acted like he was going to kill her, then it was that the mother came to the rescue of her two children, and while she was making a terrible fight for them, one old savage shot an Indian arrow into her back. While they were scalping her, another Indian, more wicked than Satan himself, plunged a lance into her throat. Dot pulled the arrow from his mother's back, and then she told him and Bianca to go on with the Indians and be good children and some day their father would get them back.

Little Margie was sick at the time, and as the Comanches are very superstitious about harming the sick, she was left undisturbed. The Indians made Dot, Bianca and a Mrs. Sarah Luster mount behind them on their horses, and traveled a mile or so, as fast as they could go. They then stopped and caught several of Mr. Babb's horses that were grazing on the prairie.

Taking a northwest course they traveled that afternoon, and all night in a fast pace, only stopping a few minutes at a time to let their horses rest.

They crossed the little Wichita the second day, about seven miles above where Henrietta is now located. The river was past fording, but they swam their horses and crossed themselves over on the drift wood. They never stopped long enough to get anything to eat, until the third day after leaving the Babb ranch, when the Indians killed a steer that the wolves had almost killed. The captives were so hungry, that they ate some of the

meat before it was cooked. Resuming their march, after cooking and eating their beef, they camped that evening just as the sun was sinking in the west, under the bluffs of Red river, and remained there two or three days.

The next day all the Indians left camp, except two, which were left to guard the camp and prisoners. One of the Indians left was wounded, having been shot in the knee in a skirmish with Glen Halsell and Ben Blanton, on the day of the capture at the Babb ranch. About an hour after the Indians had left camp, an awful yelling was heard some distance away; one of the Indians ran up the bluff to see what was going on, thinking that the white people were following them. The prisoners ran down the river some little distance, and then up the bluff to where they could see what was going on, thinking that their friends had come to their rescue, but no friends greeted their sight. The Indians had rounded in a herd of buffalo, and were killing some for meat. After the prisoners learned the cause of the racket, they turned and went back to camp, and found the old crippled Indian yelling at the top of his voice, thinking that they (the prisoners) were gone.

Some two days before reaching the Indian village, where the squaws and papposes were camped, Mrs. Luster and Dot attempted to make their escape. Before retiring for the night, they noticed where the Indians had staked two of their best horses. They did not go to sleep that night but waited for the moon to go down so that they could get away without being noticed by the Indians. After the moon had sank behind the western hills, and all the Indians sound asleep, they slipped from their pallets on which they were lying, and began hunting for bridles, Mrs. Luster soon found one and put it on one of the horses. Dot found one, but an Indian was using it under his head for a pillow. As he pulled it out from under the Indian's head, he awoke and gave the alarm. After Dot saw that there was no

chance for his escape he called to Mrs. Luster who had her horse ready, to mount and leave. She sprang on the horse and was soon out of hearing. When morning came, and the Indians could not find their escaped prisoner, they were mad, and took their spite out on Dot. They made a mark on the ground, and made Dot toe the mark. They would punch him on the bare breast with a pistol until the skin was torn from the flesh. When they could not make him cry, and he stood their ill treatment so bravely, they tied him to an old dead tree, and commenced to pile brush around him, as if they were going to burn him, Bianca, Dot's sister, who was near by, could not look upon the scene any longer and covered her head with a blanket. The Indians sang and danced around Dot and the tree for quite awhile, and when they saw that they could not scare nor make him cry, they untied him from the tree, and seemed to be very proud of his bravery. Bianca too; was spunky and brave like her brother, and was always ready to take her own part. That morning when starting on their journey, they separated Dot and Bianca and would not let them travel together.

When they arrived at the squaw camp, most of the Indians, big, little, old and young, came crowding around, as though they were going to pull them off of their horses and mob them. After arriving at camp, the old chief gave Bianca to a squaw named Lecwishama whose husband was killed on the day that Bianca was captured. The Indians very often visited other lodges or villages of their tribe, and would always take Bianca with them. While on one of these visits she met a white boy who had been captured by another band of Indians while making a raid in Texas. She was well treated by the Indians and thought as much of apparently as one of their tribe. The old squaw would make a mixture of charcoal and grease and try to color her hair. Her dress was made of bed-ticking, one width doubled in the center, with a hole large enough for the head. Her hair dress

was pieces of silver money beaten out and fastened to a piece of skin, reaching from the crown of her head to the feet. Her bracelets consisted of large and small brass rings extending from the wrist to the elbows, one above the other. The Indians burnt her ears and not having silk cord to put into the holes to keep them from growing up, put little sticks into the holes.

The Indians moved about from place to place, changing their camp many times. Finally they were thrown into camp with a squaw who had previously attempted Bianca's life. This old squaw was still mad and tried to set the dogs on her. A few days later Bianca with several squaws and children were out gathering wood, when this old squaw ran at her with an uplifted ax. A young Indian girl ran between Bianca and the old squaw, receiving the blow which split her head causing instant death. For this crime the old squaw was arrested, and kept under guard all night, and the next day carried some distance from camp and probably executed according to the Indian laws, as she was never seen in camp again.

When the rations in camp began to get scarce, part of the tribe would strike out on a buffalo hunt. Bianca generally went on hunts with them, and liked it better than staying in camp. The bucks would kill the buffalo and the squaws dress and dry the meat. Should the provisions give out in camp before the hunters returned with the buffalo meat, they would sometimes kill a fat horse, and eat the meat.

When the cottonwood was in bloom the different tribes would meet for a big pow-wow and war dance and have a good time generally. Bianca would join in the song, and sing a kind of bumble bee ditty for the dancers. They had very remote ideas of the Great Spirit. During certain moons they would hold grand meetings, putting several tents together, making it large enough to accommodate two or three hundred people. The only entrance to the inside of this big tent was through a

hole dug in the ground, about six feet long, four feet deep and two feet wide. Anyone getting inside of this tent had to go in through this hole in the ground. Inside, in the center of the tent, was burning a large fire. Around the fire was a ditch filled with water, and around this ditch of water was a well beaten path where the braves would run around, sometimes several at a time, and at other times only one would run around the fire, all the time saying something to the Great Spirit. Those attending these meetings had to wear their buffalo robes with the woolly side out and attend three mornings in succession bare-footed and without eating any breakfast. An Indian camp in the Western wilds was quite a picture. It was invariably in a picturesque locality, for, like the white man, the Indians have an eye to the beautiful. They avoid the mountains, choosing the smooth prairie, where the buffalo and elk graze, where the wild turkey and the prairie chicken love to stay, on some quiet river.

In June, '67 an Indian scout and interpreter by the name of Horace Jones and a Comanche chief from another band, came to the Indian camp in New Mexico, and told Bianca that they had come to take her to her father. Her heart leaped for joy, yet she could scarcely believe them. Her Indian mother begged her not to leave her, but when Bianca insisted on going, the old Indian would not let her come into the tent. Bianca sat down on the outside of the tent. About midnight the old squaw came out and told Bianca to come go with her, and she would take her to her father. Bianca followed her for quite a while, and then she took her on her back and carried her a long distance. About 9 o'clock next morning they came to a large hole in the prairie, in which they halted to rest. They hadn't been there long before the old Indian chief came riding up. He appeared to be very mad, he took Bianca up behind him on his horse,

and the squaw following, went back to camp, where they soon left for Fort Arbuckle, near the Arbuckle Mountains in the Indian Territory, where Bianca met her father, who looked much aged over his late troubles by losing part of his family.

After being separated from his sister Dot was carried into Colorado. He was well thought of by the Indians and was given several horses, was allowed to go with them on the hunt but not so when they were on a marauding expedition, although he told them he would not take the advantage and get away.

Dot remained with the Indians about two years when in the summer of '68 he was on the Cimarron river where he had the first news that he was to be ransomed. He was with Horse Back and the news was brought by Old Essehabbie. After receiving the news they went to the Washita river where his father and Horace Jones, a noted Indian scout, were met. This was about where Anadarko now stands, from which place they went to Ft. Arbuckle where the final change was made.

Dot has been in the western part of the state ever since and was one of the first settlers in Wichita Falls. He has a large ranch in the upper part of Wichita county, but his residence is in Wichita Falls.

Little Bianca Babb, who 30 years ago lived with and followed the Comanches far over the Texas frontier, and gathered wild flowers with the dusky Indian maiden, is now Mrs. Bianca Babb Bell of Henrietta, Texas. She is the mother of several sprightly little boys and girls, and often tells them how that, when a little girl, she rode the wild mustang, and chased the buffalo and antelope across the plains of Northwest Texas and New Mexico.

CHAPTER XV.

THIEVING INDIANS.

It was in the latter part of December, '67, that a band of Co-

manche Indians, numbering three score or more, met around the counsel fire, on the banks of the Canadian in the Western part of the Indian Territory.

The weather was extremely cold, and the curling smoke from their wigwams could be seen some distance away. To the Southwest lay the Wichita Mountains, stretching out towards the setting sun with their towering peaks all covered with snow.

At this counsel it was decided to don the war-paint, make a raid, and depredate upon the frontier settlements of Northwest Texas, and round in as many Texas horses as they could, preparatory for a big raid at the rising of grass in the following spring. When this band crossed Red river near Red River Station on the Northwest border of Montague county, the weather was still cold, and a deep snow covered the ground. No one was looking for or expecting the Indians to make a raid at that time of the year. While the men were out hunting the deer and the antelope, in order to replenish their scanty supply of meat, the mothers and little ones were at home, sitting around the winter fires, little dreaming that a band of Comanche Indians were approaching their humble abodes.

After crossing Red river the Indians traveled east through the Cross Timbers North of the town of Montague, and entered the prairie near the head of Clear Creek, where they killed and scalped a man, leaving his body on the high prairie to be devoured by the wolves. A few miles further down the creek they captured a Mrs. Shegog, with a little child in her arms. Not wishing to be bothered with the child, took it by the feet and dashed its brains out against a tree, but carried the mother along with them.

After traveling all night, prowling about small settlements for horses, they stopped a little before day in the Elm bottom near the then little village of Gainesville, Cook county, to rest themselves and get a little sleep. Wrapping themselves in their buf-

falo robes, they lay down around their prisoner, and soon passed into the land of dreams. Mrs. Shegog, realizing the situation, slipped from the pallet on which she was lying, passing over her captors, made her escape into the village almost frozen to death. When the Indians awoke from their peaceful slumbers, and found their prisoner gone, they made a hasty retreat up Brushy Elm, carrying with them all the horses they could, making their escape back across Red river.

As soon as Mrs. Shegog told of her capture and escape from the Indians, the citizens of Gainesville gathered together and struck out in pursuit of the thieving band, but the Indians had made their escape back across Red river into the Wichita Mountains, with a good bunch of Texas horses.

CHAPTER XVI:

ANOTHER INDIAN RAID.

Most every body knows, or ought to know, what an Indian summer is, in the fall of the year.

It was on one of these days in October, '68, that a band of some 200 Comanche Indians met near where the government post of Fort Sill is now located, on Medicine Creek, where its limped waters flow from the Wichita Mountains, to plan a raid and depredate upon the frontier settlements of Northwest Texas.

In the latter part of the month above mentioned, the Indians crossed Red river near the mouth of the Big Wichita on the north borders of Clay county. Their object was to murder, steal horses and carry off the women and children captives in order to receive a ransom from the government for returning them back to their relatives and friends. After leaving the mouth of the Big Wichita, the Indians traveled southeast in the direction of the Brushy Mound. This was a little round top mountain standing on the prairie in Montague county, covering several

acres, and covered by a small growth of brushy timber. This mound was a noted resort for Indians passing back and forth on their raids, and was used by them as a kind of lookout in viewing Victory Peak (a few miles to the east), and surrounding country. On the south and near the base of this peak the McDonald Ranch was located, the only settlement west of Montague town. Several times the Indians attacked and tried to burn this ranch, but as many times failed.

Leaving this settlement, they passed on into Wise county, going west and south of Decatur. Here in this county they killed a Mrs. Vick and a man by the name of Hardin. Turning east they came within a few miles of the town of Denton. Here they stopped to rest, where they killed and barbecued several beeves. After resting and feasting on barbecued meat for several hours they struck northwest up Hickory Creek on their return, gathering all the horses in their route.

As the Indians passed out at the head of Hickory, they met up with and killed B. F. Cunnius at the Keepes houses. Mr. Cunnius was out horse hunting when they ran on to him. After being badly wounded, he dismounted from his horse and ran into the old houses for protection. The Indians made several attempts to dislodge him from the old houses, but he being well armed, drove them back, and no doubt killed and wounded several of them. A few days later Mr. Cunnius was found in one of the old houses dead. His two pistols lay by his side, with only one load remaining in each pistol. He had been shot in the jugular vein, and from all appearance had bled to death, though not until after he had drove the enemy from the door. Then it was that he lay down on the floor with his coat under his head for a pillow, with his trusty pistols by his side and expired. Cunnius' widow, now Mrs. M. E. DuBois, has resided in Henrietta since '79. His daughter, Miss Lou, married a Mr. Neely a few years ago and is now living with her husband in the state of Washington.

After leaving the Keepes houses, the Indians traveled the divide between Denton and Clear Creeks. They killed a Mr. Fortenberry on the high prairie, and then passed out, and entered the Cross Timbers near where Forestburg is now located, driving 150 to 200 head of Texas horses before them, making their escape back into the Indian country.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DAY OF THE BUFFALO.

In the early seventies, when Henrietta was the only frontier village west of Montague town in the upper Cross Timbers, the bison, or Texas buffalo, could be seen in countless numbers grazing on the high prairies of Clay, Wichita and Archer counties. It was no unusual sight to see several thousand of them grazing around in the shade near some stream or lake of water, like that many Texas cattle. The buffalos were like the wild geese. They would emigrate south in the early fall, and graze in the Brazos and Wichita valleys during the Winter.

In the spring of '74 while some of the inhabitants of the little village were hauling supplies from Sherman, Texas, the nearest railroad station, over a hundred miles distant, and others preparing to open out little farms in the surrounding neighborhood, D. W. Spore, Wm. Parish, M. C. Houze and a few others, concluded to venture out west some thirty-five or forty miles on the buffalo range and kill and skin buffalos for their hides.

Supplying themselves with buffalo guns, ammunition, rations and camp equipments, they pulled for the range and established their first camp on Holliday creek in Archer county, some thirty-five miles distant. During the spring and summer while in camp, they killed and skinned from three to five hundred head of buffalos. After the buffalos began to get scarce on this range they ricked up their hides and moved their camp on to the head of

the Little Wichita river. After locating their camp on the Little Wichita, they built tepees out of buffalo hides and remained in this camp all fall and winter. Killing and skinning some two thousand buffalos.

The meat of the buffalo is very course grained, but does not have the taste of that of other wild meats. Those not accustomed to the meat of the buffalo, could scarcely distinguish it from beef-steak. In the fall of the year while the buffalo was fat the hunters would cut out and cure the rounds, and pack them away to use through the winter, though there was hardly ever a month in the year but what some of the buffalos were fat enough to make good beef.

One man generally did the killing, while the rest of the hunters took off their hides. He would secrete himself within two or three hundred yards of the buffalos and when they would start off, he would kill the leader, and by that means frustrate the herd and cause them to commence milling, (that is, to go round and round), and the hunter generally got the whole herd without moving from his first position.

Hunting and killing buffalos was such a paying business that in '75 and '76, a great many went into the business and started camps all over Northwest Texas. Jones Vaughn had a camp on Croten creek in Knox county, and worked some twelve or fifteen hands. McCamy had two big camps, one at the Yellow Cat cannon, and the other at the Adobe Walls in the Pandandle.

These Adobe Walls were built a great many years ago for a fort by the Spaniards, probably when Texas was a Republic or belonged to Mexico. Here at this fort the Apache Indians attacked McCamy and his men, but they being well armed with long range buffalo guns drove the Indians away.

There were other camps located on Pease river, Ragged Mountain creek and Little Round Top on the head of Groesbeck. Most every camp worked from ten to fifteen men each, and sometimes

more. They would generally kill and skin several hundred head of buffalos a day.

Henrietta was headquarters for the hunters. The freighters who carried out supplies to the camps would bring back buffalo hides. They worked from eight to twelve yoke of cattle to the team, with two trail wagons.

When several of these ox teams were strung out and on the move loaded with buffalo hides, they looked like a caravan crossing the desert, or the Staked Plains during the gold excitement in California away back in the fifties.

In '74, Judge Doane established an Indian trading post on Prairie Dog Fork of Red river in the north part of Wilbarger county. He did a good business, receiving in exchange for his goods, furs and robes from the Indians, and buffalo hides from the hunters. Here also at this post a cow trail crossed the Prairie Dog Fork of Red river, leading from Southern Texas to Western Kansas, though the Kiawa and Comanche, Cheyenne, Arappaho and Apache reservations, where from a hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand Texas cattle crossed the river during the summer, and for several years there thereafter.

The cow men had a great deal to contend with in passing through the reservations. The Indians would very often steal up close where the cattle were bedded at night, give them a scare and stampede the whole herd of several thousand in every direction. The herders would be several days in gathering the herd again. Some they would never find. After the herd would pass on up the trail, the Indians would gather up all the lost cattle, and drive them into the Wichita Mountains, and convert them to their own use. The trail of a stampeded herd of Texas cattle through the timber looks very much like the trail of a Texas cyclone. You can find the bark knocked off of the trees, and and cow horns scattered around promiscuously on the ground.

As stated before Henrietta was headquarters for the buffalo hunters. A hide depot was established here, and the freighters returning loaded with hides would generally unload here, and return back to the range with supplies. Other freighters would carry the buffalo hides on to Sherman, at which place they brought from two fifty to three dollars a piece, thirty-six dollars per dozen.

Freighters always got a load of freight each way, and generally hauled from eight to twelve thousand pounds to the team. Provisions on the frontier, in the days of the buffalo, were very high. Flour at one time in Henrietta, in '75, sold at from six to seven dollars per hundred pounds, and further west still higher. Bacon from twenty to twenty-five cents per pound. Corn on the range sold for, from four to five cents per pound, and everything else in proportion. It was easier then to buy flour at six and seven dollars per hundred pounds, than it is now ('97) at two dollars and fifty cents. They told us just before the election, that Mr. Prosperity would be around to see us this year. Well he has never arrived. If he ever started he must have got water-bound in Arkansas.

In '77 and '78 most all the buffalos in Northwest Texas had disappeared, and the hunting and killing of buffalos for their hides was soon a thing of the past. Goodnight has a small herd running with his cattle at his ranch in the Panhandle of Texas. Since the extermination of the buffalos in Texas, the Indian has ceased his depredations on the Texas frontier.

If the Buffalos in Northwest Texas had been exterminated years before they were, raids and depredations by the Indians would have been less frequent. The Indians claimed the buffalos as their cattle, and wherever the buffalos grazed there you might expect to find the Indian also. But the buffalo has long since disappeared before the hunters like the melting snow before a noon day sun.

CHAPTER XVIII.

QUANAH AND CYNTHIA ANN PARKER.

In the year 1833 the Parker family moved from Illinois to Texas, and settled on the Navasota River near the present site of the town of Groesbeck, the county seat of Limestone county. There they and other settlers of that neighborhood built a stockade for a defense against the Comanches who had been at war with the whites since 1829.

The colony consisted of nine families, numbering in all thirty-four people—nine men, ten women and fifteen children. On the morning of the 17th of May, 1836, the Comanches suddenly appeared, several hundred strong, and after a parley of apparent friendly intentions, charged the fort and killed John Parker and his two sons, Silas M. and Benjamin F. Parker, Samuel M. Frost and his son Robert. They captured Mrs. Rachel Plummer, a daughter of James W. Parker, and her two-year-old son, Mrs. Elizabeth Kellogg, Cynthia Ann Parker and her younger brother John, who were the children of Silas M. Parker. The other four men of the colony, who were in the field some distance from the stockade, came up before the massacre of the women and children was completed and drove the Indians back for a time, and during the night hid themselves in the creek bottom with the surviving women and children, some of whom were severely wounded. The next morning three of the men, seeing no Indians in sight, visited the stockade and found five horses, a few saddles and some provisions, which they took. Fearing a second attack from the Comanches, they left hurriedly without burying the dead. That night the party started through the wilderness to Fort Houston, which stood on ground now the farm of the Hon. John H. Reagan of Palestine, Texas, late postmaster-general of the Southern Confederacy and last surviving member

of President Davis' cabinet. A party of twelve men went from Fort Houston to the scene of the massacre at Fort Parker and buried the dead.

The Comanches retreated to the plains with their captives and nothing was heard of them until six months afterwards, when a party of Delaware Indians brought Mrs. Elizabeth Kellogg to Nacogdoches and delivered her to General Sam Houston for \$150.00. Her story of the war dance of the Comanches on the night after the Fort Parker massacre was horrible.

All the captives were brought together for the first time since their capture, and with their hands tied behind them with raw-hide strings which cut into the flesh; their feet were also tied and they were thrown on the ground. The warriors gathered around with the bloody scalps they had taken and danced over and around them, stamping on them and lashing them with their bow strings until the blood flowed. They were left bound all night, the children screaming with pain and terror.

Mrs. Kellogg was turned over to the Keechi Indians who in turn sold her to the Delawares, who brought her back to civilization. Soon after her return to her people a Comanche prisoner was brought in slightly wounded. She recognized him as the warrior who had scalped John Parker. The Indian was hanged at once without any formality.

Eighteen months after the massacre Mrs. Rachel Plummer was ransomed from the Comanches by an Irish trader named Donahue, near Santa Fe, New Mexico. Donahue took her home where his wife provided her with clothing and took care of her until she could be sent to her people in Texas. Her story was pitiful in the extreme.

It told the devilish fierceness and horrible cruelty of her barbarous captors in details so revolting and offensive to civilized sensibilities. It is only to say, they tortured to death the baby which was born after her capture because it cried at night.

They also maltreated her in every way it was possible for the barbaric mind to conceive. Her health was broken and she died a year after reaching home.

Six years later her son, James Pratt Plummer, was ransomed and taken to Fort Gibson. He never saw his mother after the massacre at the Fort. This left in captivity Cynthia Ann and John Parker. Immediately after their capture they were separated and did not meet again.

John grew up a Comanche in everything except lineage. The long civilization of his ancestry was lost in the years of his childhood, and he became a primitive barbarian like his aboriginal associates, and hunted, raided and marauded with the wildest and fiercest of the tribe.

On a raid into Mexico a young girl was captured and her Spanish beauty took hold on the heart of the Caucasian, and she consented to marry the white-faced, blue-eyed warrior as soon as the rendezvous of the tribe was reached.

While crossing the plains John fell sick with small-pox, a disease which had the greatest terrors for the Comanches, as it had nearly destroyed the tribe a number of years before, the Indians at once decided that the sick man should be left alone to die. His Spanish sweetheart refused to leave him, remained and nursed him, and when able to travel he returned to Mexico with her and took up life in a Mexican jacal. During the civil war with Mexico he served with distinction in a Mexican company. At the close of the war he returned to Dana Juanita and his Mexican home, where at last accounts he was living.

Of Cynthia Ann nothing was heard for many years. Her relatives made many efforts to ascertain her whereabouts and if possible to ransom her from captivity.

In 1840 Col. Lew Williams of Texas, met Pahanka's band of Comanches on the Canadian river. Pahanka was inclined to be peaceful. With Pahanka's band was a white girl, who Col. Wil-

liams believed to be Cynthia Ann, and disclosures after her capture proved he was correct. Col. Williams found the Indian who had adopted her into his family and offered a ransom, which was indignantly refused.

By appealing to Chief Pahanka Col. Williams was allowed to talk to her. She sat on the root of a tree dressed in her Indian costume, while Col. Williams tried by some means to bring back the memories of her life at home; but she made no sign of understanding what they said and would not speak. So the attempt to prove her identity failed and she went back among the tribes, growing to be more of an Indian as she matured.

It is human to love, whether civilized or savage, so Cynthia's heart was captured by Chief Nocona and she became his bride and performed for him all the menial duties it was the fashion for squaws to do for their warriors. She loved her chief and bore him children.

The faint memories of her early childhood were but a shadowy dream as of previous existence in some other life. She had grown up an Ishmaelitish Comanche, who regarded mankind outside the tribe as an enemy. Her children were Comanches, and where a woman's children are there her heart and her life is. The pale-face who came from the East and settled on Comanche hunting grounds was her husband's enemy, her children's enemy and her enemy.

Fifteen years after her capture some white hunters visited a Comanche village on the Upper Canadian and saw a white woman sitting on a buffalo robe in front of a tepee with a couple of papooses at her feet. One who could speak the Indian language addressed her by the name of Cynthia Ann. She recognized the sound of her name, and when asked if she did not want to go back to her people she shook her head and, pointing to the children at her feet, she said: "I am happy. I love my husband.

He is good to me. I love my little ones, who are his. I will not leave them."

Time passed, and no white man saw Cynthia Ann until the time of her capture in 1860. The bloody battles of Antelope Hills and Wichita had been fought in the meantime and in each engagement the Comanches had suffered terrible losses. These chastisements only served to quiet the raiders for a year or so, when they would sweep through the country again.

In October, 1860, Chief Peta Nocona led a daring raid down into Texas through Parker county, which was named in honor of the family of his wife Cynthia Ann. Her near relative, Isaac Parker, was at that time living in Weatherford, the county seat of Parker county. Chief Nocona and his warriors swept through the country stealing horses and cattle in large numbers and taking the scalp of any pale-face they happened to find without defense. By rapid marches they escaped to the plains before a large enough body of white men could be gathered to venture a battle.

An expedition was sent on their trail by the state, but the Comanches eluded them and they started back home in despair of ever finding them. Nocona was watching them, though they they did not find him, and one night they charged the camp, stampeded the horses and drove them away, leaving the whites to go home across the thirsty plains on foot.

Capt. Sul, Ross, who had defeated the Comanches at the battle of the Wichita a year before, was then sent by the governor of Texas to hunt and run down Nocona and his band. The story of that brief but eventful campaign, which resulted in the destruction of the Noconas, as Nocona's band was called, the dramatic death of Nocona, the capture of his wife and child and her enforced return to civilization, are related in Capt. Ross' report of the campaign. It is a story of a death struggle between men who knew no fear. The one a proud, haughty savage on his na-

tive plains, the other a civilized soldier with the memory of many savage outrages in his mind. Capt. Ross' forces consisted of some forty state rangers, a sergeant and twenty well mounted men of the second United States cavalry from Camp Cooper, and some seventy volunteer citizens from Bosque county, under the command of Capt. Jack Cureton.

These self-sacrificing patriots, without hope of pay or reward, left their defenseless homes and families to avenge the suffering of the frontier people. With pack mules loaded down with necessary supplies, the expedition started into the Indian country. On the 18th of December, 1860, this little band, while marching up Pease River, came within two hundred yards of a Comanche village located on a small stream winding around the base of a hill. The piercing wind was blowing from the north carrying with it clouds of sand. The Indians were so busily engaged in packing up preparing to move camp that they had never noticed Capt. Ross and his troops, Capt. Cureton and his citizen soldiers not being present. As the Indians moved off across the level plain, Capt. Ross sent the sergeant and his twenty men of the second cavalry in a gallop around a chain of hills to encompass them in and cut off their retreat; he and his forty rangers charged the Indians from the rear. The attack was so sudden that a considerable number were killed before they could prepare for defense. They fled precipitately into the presence of the sergeant and his men. Here they met a warm reception and, finding themselves completely encompassed, every one fled his own way, hotly pursued and hard pressed.

The chief of the party, Peta Nocona, the noted warrior of great repute, with a girl about 15 years old mounted on behind him, and Cynthia Ann Parker with a girl child about two years old in her arms and mounted on a fleet pony, fled together, and Lieut. Kellehier and Capt. Ross pursued them. Kellehier ran up by the side of Cynthia's horse and was in the act of shooting.

She held up her child and stopped. Capt. Ross kept on after the chief about half a mile further and when in about twenty yards of him he fired his pistol, the ball striking the girl (whom he supposed to be a man) near the heart, killing her instantly. The same ball would have killed Chief Nocona but for the shield which hung down covering his back. When the girl fell from the horse she pulled him off also, but he alighted on his feet, yet before he could steady himself, Capt. Ross' horse, which was running at full speed, was very nearly on top of Nocona, when he fired the second shot. His horse was struck with an arrow shot from the chief's bow and it commenced pitching and bucking, and it was with great difficulty that he kept his saddle. In the meantime he narrowly escaped several arrows coming in quick succession from the chief's bow. Being at such a disadvantage he would have been killed in a few minutes but for a random shot from his pistol while he was clinging with his left hand to the pommel of his saddle, which broke the chief's right arm at the elbow, completely disabling him. He also shot the chief twice in the body, whereupon he walked to a small tree, the only one in sight, and, leaning against it, began to sing a wild, wierd song. At this time Capt. Ross' Mexican servant, who had been a captive among the Comanches and spoke their language as fluently as his mother tongue, came up in company with two of his men. Then it was that he summoned Nocona to surrender. But Nocona treated every overture with contempt and signalized this declaration with a savage attempt to thrust him with a lance he held in his left hand.

Capt. Ross could only look on him with pity and admiration. For, deplorable as was his situation, with no chance of escape, his party utterly destroyed, his wife and child captured in his sight, he was undaunted by the fate that awaited him, and as he seemed to prefer death to life, Capt. Ross directed the Mexican to end his misery by a charge of buckshot from the gun which

he carried. Taking up his accouterments, which were subsequently sent to Gen. Houston to be deposited in the archives at Austin, they rode back to Lieut. Killehier and found him cursing himself for having run his pet horse so hard after an old squaw. She was very dirty, both in her scanty garments and her person. As soon as Capt. Ross took a good look at the squaw he pronounced her to be a white woman.

On the way back to the village where the troopers were assembling with the spoils and a large caballardo of Indian ponies, they discovered an Indian boy about nine years old secreted in the grass expecting every minute to be killed. He began crying, but Capt. Ross had him mount behind him and carried him along, and when in after years he frequently proposed to send him to his people, he refused to go, and afterwards died in McLennan county, Texas.

They camped for the night on the battle field, and as Cynthia Ann kept crying, they thought it was caused from fear of death at their hands. But when the Mexican told her in the Comanche language that they recognized her as one of their own people and would not harm her, she said two of her boys were with her when the fight began and she was distressed by the fear that they had been killed.

It so happened, however, that they both escaped. One of them is now chief of the Comanches, the other died some years later on the plains. Cynthia Ann gave the history of her life while with the Indians, and the circumstances of her capture. As her detailed facts corresponded with the massacre at Fort Parker, Capt. Ross was impressed with the belief that she was Cynthia Ann Parker. Returning to the post he sent her and her child to the ladies at Cooper where she could receive the attention her situation demanded, and at the same time dispatched a messenger to her uncle, Col. John Parker, at Weatherford. The Mexican interpreter accompanied Col. Parker to Cooper, where he identified his long lost niece.

After the destruction of Nocona and band his sons made their way to the less war bands of their tribe. Quanah was a born Nocona or wanderer, He was called, at the time of the Pêase River fight and until he became a chief, "Cepa." He lived with the Cochitake or Buffalo Eaters, a clan of Comanches, and also with another clan called the Cohoites, and when he reached manhood he was made chief of the Cohoites, on account of his bravery and intelligence.

The Cohoite Comanches continued to live as a migratory marauding band until 1874, when Col. McKenzie captured the entire band at Tule Canyon, near the present town of Plainview, Hale County, Texas. It was plain to McKenzie that as long as the Comanches had horses they would continue to be marauders. So, to forever put an end to those daring raids, 1300 of their ponies were killed. This broke their spirit, for the Comanche is not a foot fighter. With only enough horses left to transport their scanty effects, they were at last located on a reservation near Fort Sill, where they have been ever since.

In their new intercourse with the whites, Quanah came rapidly to the front as the leading man of the Comanches. He learned English readily, and in making treaties with the government displayed a sort of talent for statesmanship in which the intelligence of his white ancestry was plainly discernible. The Cohoite Comanches accepted the inevitable at once when placed on the reservation and began to advance in the white man's civilization faster than any other wild tribe of Indians, and this condition is said to have been due to the wise counsels of Quanah. He never loses an opportunity to note the progress the world is making, and keeps in touch with the world.

In 1884 he made an extended trip to Mexico and visited the International Cotton Exposition at New Orleans, and still later the World's Fair at Chicago. His first introduction to civilization in the cities came very near costing him his life, and did

result in the death of his associate chief and bosom friend, Yellow Bear. The two were visiting Fort Worth, and registered at the Pickwick Hotel, the leading hotel of the city. Yellow Bear had never been initiated into the mystery of gas lighting, and when he retired blew the gas out. The next morning the door was broken down and Yellow Bear was found on the floor of his room breathing his last, while Quanah was unconscious. Quanah was recussitated, but Yellow Bear had gone to the happy hunting grounds.

When Quanah travels among the whites he dresses in citizen's clothes, but exhibits very quiet taste as to color, nearly always wearing a black cutaway or frock coat with black trousers and waist coat, a white shirt, a standing collar with a four-in-hand tie of subdued color, black derby hat and well polished, black shoes. The thing he leaves to indicate the Comanche is his long, black hair hanging in rolls on each side of his face, and the scalplock, which is a circular patch of hair two inches across on the crown of his head, and which is platted to itself.

Quanah has a mansion of about a dozen rooms on his ranch, and in this house live in harmony his four wives, all full-blood Comanches. Their names are Howicky, Siwicky, Tonicy and Minatonecha. His eldest daughter is named Cynthia Ann, after his mother. She and two of his sons are at the Carlisle school in Pennsylvania.

Quanah is claimed to be a very wealthy Indian, and but few know what he is worth. He spends money freely, wears expensive jewelry, dresses himself and his numerous family well, rides and drives fine horses with fine saddles and carriages in keeping. According to the Indian custom his wives ride astride, and each one has an expensive Texas cowboy saddle and a rich, Mexican blanket. They do not follow the styles of the white ladies, but prefer the buckskin, beads, blankets and moccasins of their peo-

ple to the skirts, corsets and high heeled shoes of the Parisian fashion designers.

After remaining with the Noconas upwards of twenty-seven years, Cynthia Ann was carried back to her relatives and friends living near the scene of the massacre, where she died about the close of the war in '65. Her relatives tried to make her last few remaining years on earth peaceful and happy, but her thoughts were of her boys from whom she had been separated so suddenly and her Indian home among the hills and valleys on the Wichita. She often spoke of wanting to return to her people, (as she would call the Indians) where she could live in peace, die happy and be buried beneath the cotton wood in the valley. When the Confederate war was going on she couldn't understand why it was that the men all went to the war and left the women and children at home. When the Noconas go to war they take their women and children along to take care of their surplus ponies and camp outfit while the warriors do the fighting; and when they are tightly pressed in battle the squaws and Indian maidens come to their rescue and fight beside the warriors. When on the move you can't tell a squaw from a buck: they dress alike, use the same kind of a saddle, and can use the bow and arrow to perfection. The boys and girls were taught from childhood to use the bow and arrow, At the reservation back in the seventies when they were in their savage state I have seen the little boys and girls not over eight years of age, shoot a half dozen or more arrows one after another a hundred yards or more and stick them in the ground within a circle of eight inches. Instinct tells them how to shoot the bow by the time they can walk, just like it tells the young duck how to swim when it first gets into water. A few years before they were subdued and brought back to the reservation they were armed with improved Winchester repeating rifles, and used them with as much accuracy as the

white man. For fear that they would get out of ammunition away from the reservtion they carried their bows and arrows with them on the warpath, so if their ammunition gave out they could fall back on the bow and arrow.

The squaws and maidens do all the drudgery: they stake and hobble the ponies out, get the wood and make the fires, carry the water and do the cooking, dress the hides and make the buffalo robes, while the bucks sit in their tepees and smoke the pipe of peace.

Where but a few years ago they chased the buffalo and antelope and their war-whoop rang across the plains, there is to-day the fertile fields growing with grain and countless herds roaming. The Indians are fast disappearing before the footsteps of civilization, like the melting snow before the noonday sun. The Great Spirit is calling them from labor to refreshment, and what was a few years ago a powerful and warlike tribe will soon pass over the river to the happy hunting ground, where they can smoke the pipe of peace and rest beneath the shade of the cotton wood in the valley.

The aborigines had a legend that those who drank of the water of the Sabine River would be protected from disease.

The braves would never falter in the presence of the greatest danger, and they believed that, though separated for no matter how long or under what circumstances, they would surely meet again, either here or in the happy hunting grounds above.

Long ages ere the white man's day,
The Indians' sons and daughters
Came from a thousand miles away
To lave in Sabine waters.
'Twas said who drank of Sabine's flood
Knew neither fear nor pain.
And bend their steps what course they would,
They'd surely meet again.

CHAPTER XIV.

WESTWARD THE STAR OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS
COURSE.

Ever since the Mayflower in 1820 landed the Pilgrim fathers on Plymouth Rock, emigration has steadily advanced westward and drove the red man of the forest back to his lair and planted its foot prints on the shores of the Pacific.

In the year 1858 the Texas legislature, by an act, created the counties of Archer, Baylor, Hardeman, Wilbarger, Wichita, Knox and Clay. The first four were named in honor of Texans, Knox in honor of a noted Tennessean, Wichita for a tribe of Indians by that name, while Clay was named in honor of Henry Clay of Kentucky.

In 1860 a half dozen or more of old pioneer settlers, with their families and herds, emigrated from Cook and other counties in this state, located and settled a headquarters ranch near the center of Clay county, on an elevated plateau overlooking the mesquite valley of the Little Wichita. Having surveyed off a hundred and sixty acres of land and platted it into blocks and lots, they named the little frontier village Henrietta, in honor of Mrs. Clay, wife of the aforesaid Henry Clay. There being plenty of timber growing on the Wichita and slough bottoms, some began cutting and hauling logs, preparing to build houses, while others were looking after their herds grazing around on the high, rolling prairies. The buffalo was so plentiful that it was impossible to keep them from mixing with the herds. Emigration came into the county so fast that by the following September there were enough settlers to organize the county. An election was held near the spring and the county organized by electing the following county officers: Wesley Waybourn, sheriff; Samuel Green, county surveyor; Shadrach Denson, chief justice, and Calvin Smith, Willis Sparks, P. E. Wilson and William Gabriel, associate justices. The chief justice represented our present coun-

ty judge, and the associate justices that of our present county commissioners. Chief Justice Denson lived on his ranch one mile north of where Cambridge now stands. He was the father of B. F. Denson, who used to live among us but now lives at Kansas City, Missouri. Willis Sparks lived near the junction of East Fork with the Little Wichita. The others lived on their farms and ranches in different parts of the county.

Those living in the little village used water from the same spring and kept their milk and butter in the same spring house. When one killed a beef, buffalo, antelope or deer they divided the meat among their neighbors.

During the second year of the Confederate war the Indians broke out on the frontier of Texas and were very troublesome. These wild tribes of Indians lived in the Wichita mountains in the Indian Territory near old Fort Cobb, some twenty-five miles west of Anadarko, the present Wichita agency. In the year '63 this fort was garrisoned by a small squad of Confederate troops in command of Colonel Leeper. Some time during that year the Indians attacked and captured the post, killed and drove away the garrison. Then they began to make raids and depredate upon the frontier of Texas, and continued to raid and depredate upon the border counties until after the reorganization of Clay county in August, 1873.

After the massacre at Fort Cobb, and not being prepared to meet an Indian attack, these pioneer settlers of Henrietta rounded in their herds and packed their household goods and the women and children into their wagons, barred up the doors of their houses and bid Henrietta and Clay county a last farewell and started with their families and herds back to the more thickly settled counties of Mantague and Cook, where they could better protect their wives and children from the roving bands of Kiawa, Apache and Comanche Indians. Thus

the little frontier town which had sprung up in the short space of two years, had been abandoned and left to be destroyed by the Indians.

The Indians raided and depredated so long on the frontier of Texas that it was several years before an attempt was made to settle Henrietta again. But after an elapse of eleven years she rose again to take her station among the coming cities of the west.

The government post was established at Fort Sill in '67, and in a few years emigration began to move west again. The first house was rebuilt in Henrietta in '73. The Indians had burned and destroyed all the houses previously built by the old pioneer settlers of 1860, there being none left to mark the spot; only a few old stone chimneys standing there like sentinels, where but a few years before had dwelt a prosperous and happy people. Rude log cabins were soon put up to most all the old chimneys and occupied by families. and by August of the same year there were enough people living in the little town and county to reorganize the county. An election was held under a big tent standing near the spring, and district and county officers elected. By the first of January the little village numbered in population some twenty-five or thirty people. Richard Warring opened up and ran the first little store that was ever run in Henrietta, but in a few years she had grown to such proportions in size and population that most all kinds of business were transacted and carried on. Money was plentiful and everything was on the move. Henrietta incorporated as a town in '82. E. L. Barber was the first mayor, E. R. Logan, J. W. T. Johnson, J. E. Dyer, Larry Mooney and S. K. Audrain, councilmen; W. G. Rogers, marshal, and O. P. McClain, secretary. Henrietta having been chartered as a city in 1884, W. A. Squires was elected the first city mayor; L. H. Koethe, C. W. Easley, J. A. Worsham and N. Snearley, alder-

men; John H. McClure, city marshal, and John F. Conn, city secretary. Henrietta had a population of some twenty-five hundred people. She built a forty thousand dollar court house and a twenty thousand dollar school building. She had a flouring mill of 125 barrels per day. Her people were progressive, prosperous and happy. She was the queen city of the West and as gay as a maiden in her teens. When she gave the Fort Worth and Denver City Railway fifty thousand dollars and the right of way through the county she was in the swing and in the height of her glory. But her days were soon numbered. She began to waver and tremble like the aspen, and when the M., K. & T. came through, she, too, bled her for quite a little sum and the right of way through the county. Thus the proud little city took a relapse and now she lies bleeding from her wounds, with a broken shaft across her tragic tomb!

It was out in Northwest Texas,
Where the Comanches loved to
roam,

A little band of emigrants
Desired to make their home.
They looked around for quite a
while.

But could do no better
Than settle down and build a town
And call it Henrietta.

It was away back in the sixties,
Upon the Texas plain,
This little town first sprang to life
And died, then rose again.

It was in the fall of sixty two,
On a bright, October day,
The Comanches raided the little
town

And drove the emigrants away.
She had sprung up like a mush-
room

And was cut down like a tree.
But after an elapse of eleven years

She arose in seventy-three.

She grew to be a likely city
Of two thousand people or more,
And then she fell by the wayside
And died in eighty-four.

Her years were few but peaceful,
Till she drank of the bitter cup.
And when the railroads came along
They nearly broke her up.

Her prostrate form lies bleeding
From the wound made in her
side.

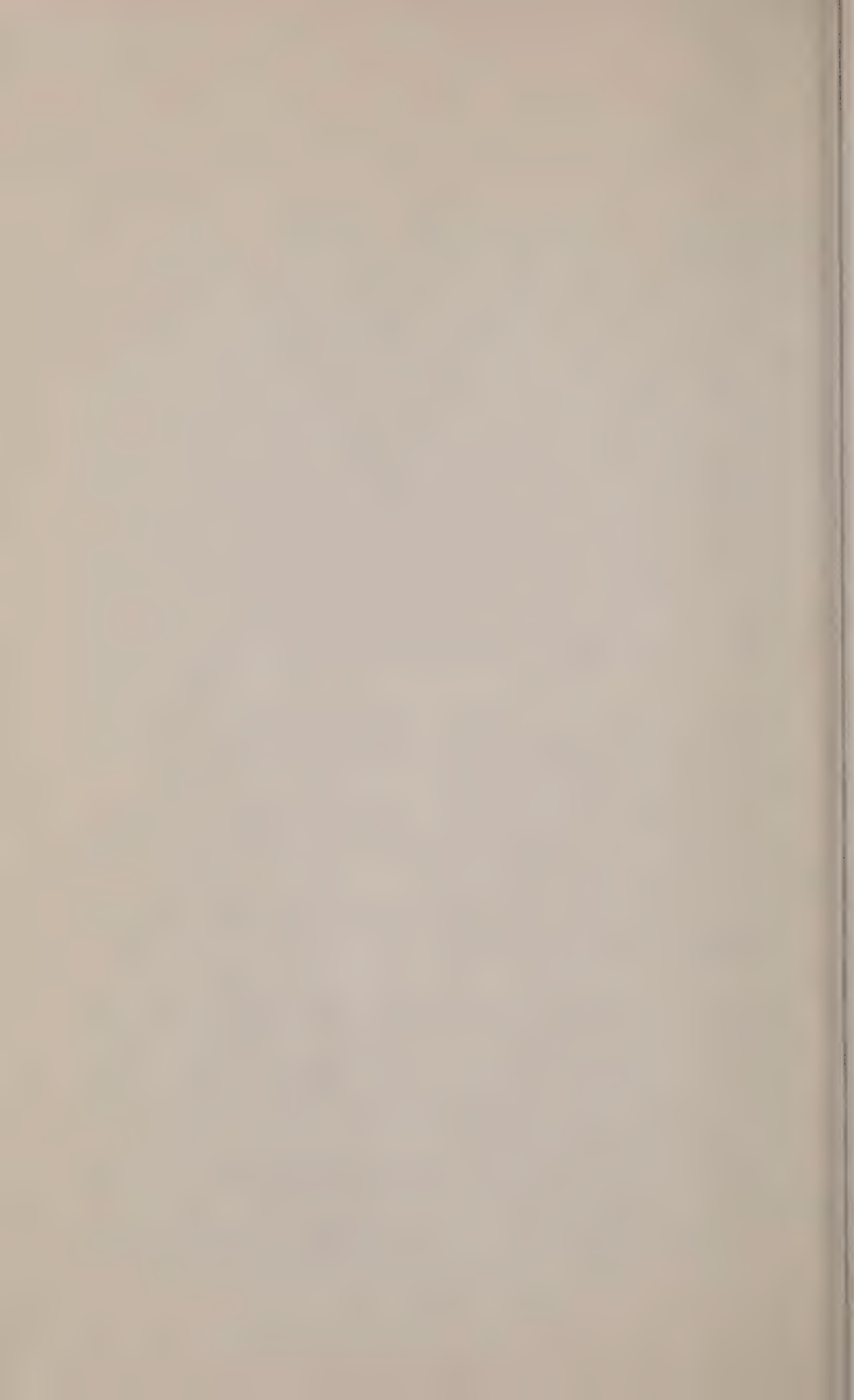
And everybody knows full well
Of how and when she died,
But she's crossing over the river
To that land far away

Where no one dares to ask her
To give the right of way.

She is journeying on to Paradise,
To the land above the sky,
Where railroad men can never
come

And cities can never die.





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